

# Thoughts on Easter

Warren R. Dacey

**P**ERHAPS, there has never been another time in the history of the world when the many lessons of Easter were needed as badly as at present. For as we have been told so many times and as we should know so well, things are decidedly out of order; unless somehow we begin to take cognizance of the meaning of Easter there is surely not much hope for us either as individuals or as members of society. Herein, therefore, I have taken three of the lessons which I have deemed appropriate and which, I think, are applicable to us today.

## THE STRENGTH OF WEAKNESS

**I**T IS hardly new or novel to say that life today is centered on the belief that strength and power are the needed assets. All about us is concrete evidence of this fact. Very few today have much regard for weakness; the philosophy is that of a Nietzsche instead of Christ. The emphasis is on success and the method is "to step over" all who may be in the way. "The survival of the fittest" has, in truth, become "the crowning of the wicked."

The idea of strength and power naturally makes us think of modern dictators—Hitler, Stalin, and in a lesser way, perhaps, Mussolini who, at least, has not yet seen fit to do away with religion on the wholesale style of the other two. Hitler looks over a world afraid of war, so like a man in a poker game with two jacks he "bluffs out" one holding four aces; Stalin, crafty as they come, checks his hand and awaits a bigger "pot." He has really bigger dreams than Hitler—he dreams of Marxian fulfillments, a world Utopia—and like H. G. Wells he looks rather longingly for a "War of the Worlds" so that from the carnage he may be able to pick up the remnants of Democracy, Fascism, and Nazism and weld them into Communism. If Stalin seems to have become docile; if he seems to have allowed Hitler to become a worse Frankenstein; if he seems to have become satisfied with his own Soviet, be not deceived. The truth is that Hitler's tactics have made Stalin more dangerous than ever before; his Communist allies are flooding the various countries with propaganda about Russia's tolerance towards the persecuted minorities. Stalin is looking for friends under the guise of hating those who persecute and kill. But Shakespeare knew men of his ilk: "One may smile and smile and be a villain." The search for power by dictators never lessens; it becomes greater. Sometimes it is necessary to soften the tactics in order to lead "innocents to the slaughter." Because Hitler is out in the open we don't fear him as much as we do Stalin. It is the darkness man fears; the hand always goes out to protect oneself when one

cannot see what is in front of him. The opponent out in the open may be defeated; but it is hard to do battle with a Jekyll and Hyde character.

And yet dictators must come to the realization that power is not in the "clenched fist" but rather in the outstretched arms of Christ on the Cross. Christmas found Him unwanted by Herod and the world; but who now remembers Herod save only in reference to Christ? Good Friday found Him given up by the world as dead and in so claiming its victory the world thought it had re-inforced its belief in power. He, the kind, sympathetic Galilean, who could save others and bring back life to those dead, seemingly could not save Himself because He was overpowered. When the test came, He was weak; so thought the world on that first Good Friday!

But three days later came the Resurrection of Our Lord. Back He came to the world which had given Him up for lost! Is not there a lesson for Russia, Germany, Mexico, and Spain? Dictators may apparently kill Him by the methods of power and persecution and at certain times they may erroneously think they have finished the work of Good Friday. But Easter always comes to prove that God is stronger than men; that power is nothing; that weakness may bring death but it is not everlasting!

## PREMATURE SHOUTS OF VICTORY

Atheism and Godlessness are much a part of our modern world. Many there are who, as individuals, profess no belief in a Divine Power. They say that they have no need of prayer, that their life is quite complete without God, that such devotion and sacrifice attached to religion are sheer nonsense. They live for man, they say; hence, there are few restrictions, few chains on them. They say they have no worries, no qualms, no fears about anything. To them sin is a figment of the imagination, a by-product of uninformed days.

And Godlessness, of course, is the practice of dictatorial powers which strive to impose the doctrine of atheism on their subjects. Here, the fact of atheism is naturally worse, in the sense that it is imposed like a law. Man is not free to believe in God or worship Him. The edict has gone out to pillage churches, to murder priests and nuns, to circulate in homes literature defaming religion and calling for a united front in the interest of the totalitarian state. Children in schools are taught that Christ is an imposter and that the only power to worship is that of the State. The goal, of course, is to drive the word "God" out of people's minds to firmly entrench the dictators.

In certain countries, namely Russia, Mexico, and Germany, there are already "premature shouts of victory." In Spain, however, the Godless warriors have struck a snag as Franco and his cohorts have proved to be more formidable than was expected. But in Russia and Mexico, the Communist regime sees to it that religion is beaten back; and in Germany Hitler is gloating over his conquests and his persecution of religious groups. The truth is that Communism and Nazism, opposed as they may be on certain principles, are agreed that God must be driven out of the minds of men, and so the campaign proceeds. So decisive has been the attack, so many the persecutions, so many the murders and desecration of religious properties that the dictators believe they have won the day. Victory is theirs, they say. "We are day by day pushing God out of our land. And soon the very word will no longer be uttered."

But this, as thinking men know, is the "folly of fools." The fact is that Good Friday and Easter prove how foolish it is to try to kill Divinity. Our Blessed Lord, as we remember, was tried before Pontius Pilate and sentenced to die on contradictory charges. He had committed no crime; He had done no wrong; His life was pure and spotless. Yet, the world wanted to get rid of Him, and so, as it often does today to His followers, it framed Him. Instead of following His commands for the fuller life, they sought to kill Him so that they might follow out their own selfish desires. They preferred the way of the world rather than those of God; they thought that by putting Him to death they would forever seal His sacred lips and that in time no one would ever speak His name again.

How foolish was such an act! For on Easter Sunday He, whom the world thought it had buried forever, walked again on the earth He had made. Death had not defeated Him; on the contrary, it had proved Him to be what He claimed—the Son of God! And just as He had come back from the grave on that first Easter, so, too, does His Church. Many times in the history of mankind its doom has been forecast. And today in Russia, Mexico, and Germany it is going through another Good Friday. The wounds are open again; the blood is once more flowing; the agony is acute. The haters are once more shouting, "This time we shall not stop until we kill Him, blot out His name, forever silence His lips." The victory, however, is premature; the shouts are a bit ahead of themselves; the last nail has not yet been driven. For Christ is not dead! He still lives; Easter is here!

#### ON DEATH

Coincidental with all the persecutions and murders so rampant in the lands where dictators hold the balance of power comes quite naturally the thought of death. Who would have imagined that after the horrible carnage of the World War men would ever again engage in mass killings? After 1918, it seemed that the world had learned its lesson, that never again would death ride so frequently. The World War seemed to prove how futile strife was; how little is accomplished by settling disputes with "guns and can-

nons." Men were seemingly convinced that the loss of life was so tremendous, the horror so real that never again would such a calamity occur. For all had a part in this holocaust and it looked as if all had agreed the experience was so nauseating as never to be repeated again.

But, as we know, things have once more reached a state so perilous as to make even the most optimistic pacifist a bit weak in the knees. Mad men have come back to take up where idealists failed; they have come upon the scene to preach power at the cost of human life. Strange thing about power—it is so ruthless. It dominates not by fascinating its subjects but only by means of enslaving them. It holds out to them only one thing, namely, human life and that must be paid for by strict obedience. If not, then death is the only alternative. This means, as we understand, civil strife; in order to conquer other territories dictators must necessarily hold in subjection all those under their immediate jurisdiction. In order to have soldiers one must keep them in constant fear of court martial. Dictators may not be intellectually great men, but they are shrewd human beings. They understand thoroughly that most human beings do not want to die. And so they constantly hold up before them the threat of death, so that in time they rule over a mass of neurotics, and as everyone knows most neurotics who are sane will battle for their very life at any cost or demand.

But in assuming that human beings do not want to die, dictators are guilty of one sad mistake, namely, that they WILL NOT DIE for some great cause or belief. History is full of examples where human beings died for a faith and the list is preponderantly, of course, for Roman Catholicism. And this martyrdom has been the reason why all persecutions fail, why all mass murders inevitably spend themselves, and why the "innocent blood of victims" brings back the very thing the dictators thought they were killing, namely, the faith of men in God! For although men do not want to die, they will die rather than give up their God. Not all will become atheists; not all will be too weak to say, "Kill me for I am not afraid of death"; not all will worship Hitler or Stalin instead of Christ!

But why not? Why not pay homage to those who rule? Why not, at least, obey their wishes? Do they not hold out life? The answer, which all Christians know, is in the negative. Dictators only promise a living death—a life of subjection, of cruelty, of horror. The only true promise is, of course, that given by Christ as He died on the Cross! He might have lived if He had chosen to bow down to the cruel inconsistencies of men to whom worldly power was everything; He could have been spared if He had been willing to make deals with His accusers. But Our Lord knew that they could not kill Him; they might, in truth, take away His earthly life but that was not death.

Dictators may go forth over the whole world thinking that by killing His followers they slay Him and prepare for a world Utopia. But they will fail. They will only make more graves and over each one will be a cross as an eternal reminder that He still lives!



# Education *in the* MIDDLE AGES

*Ernest H. Muellerleile*

**A** FEW years ago I met a medical student who informed me that, as his professor of anatomy explained to him, the Catholic Church had forbidden medical research during the Middle Ages. And this, he went on to say, was but one singular example of how the church had warped men's minds by denying education to the masses, for only by keeping the common people in ignorance of truth could the Church hope to keep in power. Not until the time of the Renaissance and the Protestant Reformation were the bonds of ignorance broken; not until then were the portals of learning thrown open to all.

These accusations set me to wondering. I recalled the dreadful conditions under which the medieval serfs labored; I recalled the old stories of the Inquisition, of chained Bibles, of Galileo's persecution, and I decided to find out for myself just what was the truth. Were there, or were there not, opportunities for education in the Middle Ages? If opportunities existed, who was educated—the common people, or just those preparing for a religious life? And if the common people were educated, what subjects were included in their curricula? It was with these questions in mind that I set forth to study the history of education during the thousand years succeeding the fifth century.

It was the fifth century that proved to be disastrous to Rome. The public vices of the pagans were corrupting the empire from within, while the invading tribes of barbarians were destroying the empire from without. The popes had warned the Romans to change their ways and had even tried to

stem the invasions but to no avail. The inevitable occurred—Rome fell.

From the chaos of its ruins one group alone arose unscathed—the Catholic Church. The western world, now without a leader, turned to her for protection and guidance; and thus it happened that during the thousand years between Rome's fall and the rise of modern nations, the Church was Europe's teacher. And from the gradual blending of what was good in the old Roman civilization with the teachings of Christianity, there arose the earliest Christian institutions of learning—the catechetical schools.

## CATECHETICAL SCHOOLS

The catechetical schools had been developing since the second century and had received their greatest impetus from the emperors Constantine and Gratian, who had personally bestowed financial aid and had granted the teachers many privileges including freedom from taxation. At Alexandria, Antioch, and Rome, the chief centers of learning, we come across such scholars as Clement, Origen, and Pantaenus, and find prominent among the students Pope Gregory the Great. The regular catechetical course of study, which was based on the Roman system, included rhetoric, oratory, music, and Greek, with theology and philosophy added for those preparing for the priesthood. With the coming of Arianism the catechetical schools declined and broke up into the parochial schools and the bishops' seminaries.

The parochial schools were established for the

laity, while the bishops' seminaries were chiefly devoted to the education of aspirants for the priesthood. This latter type took its origin from a decree of the Council of Vaison (529 A. D.) which had commanded priests and bishops to take boys into their homes and teach them the Psalms, the Bible, and the Law of God. Schools such as these continued to exist until well into the eighth century.

After the eighth century, by which time the majority of the barbarians had been converted, we recognize the distinctly medieval types of education—the cathedral, the palace, and the monastic schools.

The cathedral schools were directly derived from the bishops' seminaries for they were founded in the eighth century by Chrodegang, Bishop of Metz. Courses were open for students from all stations of life and in 1179 the Third Lateran Council stated that there should be at least one school of this type in each diocese for the education of the poorer classes. Although the bishop was the spiritual head of these institutions, still he was not a regular instructor but merely acted as an adviser to the *magister scholae* who was a master of arts and the actual superior. These schools were a threefold establishment which included a theological seminary, a grammar school, and a choir—the latter two divisions being open to all students. Reading, writing, and psalmody were taught in the elementary years while the older students spent their time studying the Scriptures and the seven liberal arts, which consisted of the *trivium*: grammar, rhetoric, and logic ("language studies"), and the *quadrivium*: arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, and music ("mathematical disciplines"). This arrangement of subjects originated with the Greeks and was used extensively throughout the Middle Ages.

#### PALACE SCHOOLS

Charlemagne, one of the chief contributors to the advancement of learning during this period, is usually regarded as the founder of the palace schools. Even before he began his rule as Emperor of the West, he had professed his desire to diffuse knowledge among the common people by entreating the monks at the Council of Aachen to instruct the chil-

dren of salves as well as the sons of freemen. Shortly after he became emperor he founded the school of Aix-la-Chapelle at his palace and appointed a number of famous scholars, including Alcuin of England, as teachers. Charlemagne himself often visited the school either to study or else to reprimand the sons of the nobles who frequently were poorer students than the sons of the paupers. Even in his old age Charlemagne continued to study. He knew several languages well, especially Latin, he spent much time in reading, he studied liturgy and church music, and he showed great wisdom as a ruler by encouraging agriculture, lawmaking, and navigation among his subjects. The palace school of Charles the Great is the ancestor of the castle schools of the knights in the feudal system.

#### MONASTIC SCHOOLS

The two chief services performed by the monks in the field of education during the Middle Ages were the preservation of the classics and the civilization of the barbarians. The Latin classics were preserved in the Benedictine monasteries of the West, while the masterpieces of the Greek world were kept by the scholars of Constantinople. The civilization of the barbarians was accomplished along with their conversion to Christianity, for the work of St. Columba in Scotland, St. Patrick in Ireland, St. Augustine in England, St. Boniface in Germany, and their successors consisted not only of converting but of teaching as well. These men founded several institutions of learning in their respective territories, which by the ninth century had developed into celebrated monastic schools—such as that of St. Gall in Switzerland. At first only adults were instructed but later on children and even infants at the age of two or three were admitted and given an education by the monks. These schools were usually divided into a *schola exterior* for the children of the villagers and nobles and a *schola interior* for novices.

By the close of the ninth century teaching orders of nuns were also organized for the education of young girls. The system of studies was much the same as that used in the cathedral schools, for it included church music, the seven liberal arts, and

WHEN Michele Ghisleri, who later became Pope Pius V, was still Bishop of Nepi, he received a letter from a friend of his youth from his native town of Bosco. In it the friend, who found himself in financial straits, asked the Bishop whether out of the great store of his gold pieces he would give him some. The Bishop sent the suppliant three gold pieces with the following letter:

"I do not have any large treasure in my keeping. Out of my savings, I am sending you three gold pieces. I have no intention whatever of making you a present of them. I am lending them to you. Some time when you come across someone who is in the same need as you now find yourself, then pay your debt to me by lending the money to the poor and deserving under the same conditions as I lend it to you. In this way the money will go through many hands before it comes into the possession of an evil person who will hinder its benevolent progress. Do not thank me for this. It is man's duty to do as much good as possible with a little."



# GOSPEL MOVIES

BY P.K.



"Lord, behold here are two swords." —St. Luke 22:38.

## STETHOSCOPIC DIAGNOSIS

TO MINIMIZE our fears when some part of our bodily mechanism fails to function properly the medical examiner will magnify the echoes, resulting from our heart's broadcast in our constricted chest, by means of his stethoscope.

"Is any man sick among you? Let him bring in the priests of the Church," counsels St. James (5:14). He not only counsels, he comes with his stethoscope to examine our faith. Three times within the narrow limits of ten verses of his advice-teeming letter he gives the infallible symptoms whereby we may distinguish a living from a dead faith: "Faith *without works* is dead." (2:17, 20, 26) He, whom last month we saw to be a type of *patient* faith, is the brother of Simon, a type of *zealous* faith. Simon, called the Zealot and Cananean, from Kanna, which means "zealous,"

had transferred his fiery zeal for the preservation of the Jewish national spirit to the personality of Christ. Hence, after the Last Supper, when Jesus counsels His Apostles: "He that hath no purse, let him sell his coat and *buy a sword*," Simon, the militant patriot, was ready with the answer: "Lord, here are *two swords*." And Jesus said: "It is enough."

"In patience you shall possess your souls," (St. Luke 21:19) and with your zeal you will win back your soul from the slavery of sin and death to the service of Christ and eternal life. Patience may be termed the glowing embers in the furnace, zeal, the heat that emanates from these embers and furnishes the motive power. Peter's impetuous zeal burned out before the fire of the soldiers and servants in the courtyard. It flared up and died. Simon's zealous faith could not be "sawed in half" and killed as his body was, for more closely than the ties of blood was it inseparably joined to patience.

the reading of the outstanding Latin authors. Since few books could be procured the *scholasticus* (master) or *senior* (an assistant) conducted his classes by dictating and explaining the text of his manual to the students. Several of the teaching orders which were founded during this period have continued to direct a large share of educational work until the present day.

The foremost minor educational institutions of this period were the chantry schools, the hospital schools, the schools for the nobility, the schools for knights, and the guild schools. The chantries, which were endowed foundations that maintained institutions similar to the cathedral schools in their methods of organization and of teaching, took their origin from the time of the Norman Conquest and in the sixteenth century numbered over 2000 in England alone, although their rapid growth then suddenly ceased with the confiscation of church property by Henry VIII and Edward VI.

The hospital schools, the most famous of which is Christ's Hospital in London, were established in those foundations for the poor, aged, sick, and orphans where a great number of the inmates were children. Nobles were educated in their early years by personal tutors or else in such private institutions as the English academies of Sir Humphrey Gilbert and Sir Francis Kinston; in their later years they attended the universities and

rounded out their education by a general tour of Europe.

The training of the boy who was to become a knight consisted of three distinct parts: as a page from the age of 7 to 15 he was taught reading, writing, music, fencing, hunting, and heraldry and was assigned the duties of waiting on table, carving meat, cleaning armor, and caring for the horses and falcons used on the chase; as a squire from the age of 15 to 21 he studied German, English, French and Bishop Grosseteste's book, *Stans Puer ad Mensam*, while his chief duty was to aid the knights on the hunt or in battle; at 21, finally, he was knighted. Education in the guilds, which was usually professional or technical in nature, also consisted of three steps: as an apprentice the youth was bound to obey his master in all lawful commands and to serve him for a definite period of time which varied from two years for a cook to ten years for a goldsmith; as a journeyman he toured Europe for about five years to gain new ideas concerning his craft and often to attend one of the German finishing schools; as a master he was recognized as an authority in his particular trade or craft.

All of these various institutions, however, which we have so far discussed—catechetical schools, parochial schools, bishops' schools, cathedral schools, palace schools, monastic schools, chantry

schools, hospital schools, nobles' schools, knights' schools, and guild schools—all these were, in a measure, but a preparation for the climax of medieval education—the rise of the universities.

#### THE UNIVERSITIES

To ascribe the title of founder of the universities to a single individual is well-nigh impossible, though we must recognize one outstanding personage whose influence was so great that he is generally considered to have been the organizer of the first of these institutions. This man is Peter Abelard, son of a noble family in Brittany, who spent many years lecturing in Paris and drew about him a multitude of eager students (among whom was the memorable Héloïse). In his later life he retired to the desert, but so popular had he been that many followed him there and forced him to continue his discussions. After Abelard's death in 1142, his students resumed their studies among themselves and paid Parisian teachers to become their instructors. By the middle of the twelfth century there were several of these groups containing students ranging in age from 14 to 70 years who met at the homes of their "masters" for instructions. In the year 1200 a number of these groups together with their masters united into one distinct school and were given a charter by Philip Augustus. This *studium generale*, as it was then called, later developed into the University of Paris, which became renowned throughout the continent for its course in theology.

The university movement had meanwhile been growing in several other prominent European cities. The monastic school at Salerno developed into a university famed for its medical course; at Bologna, Frederick Barbarossa organized an institution that became known as the "Mother of Laws"; in Italy, Frederick II, king of Sicily, created the University of Naples; England became the home of Oxford and Cambridge. At Montpellier, at Orleans, and at the Papal Court in Rome, minor schools of this type were also founded.

The students of the universities were a jolly, happy lot. Some few of them resided in separate colleges—a system originated at Oxford by Walter of Merton, bishop of Rochester—but the great majority traveled in large bands from one university to another, begging their food and singing on the way. These traveling groups, in which nearly every European race was represented, usually organized themselves into "Nations," according to the countries from which they had come. As might be expected there frequently were riots between the "Nations," and just as frequently "town and gown" fights with the inhabitants of the villages through which they passed.

The courses offered by the medieval universities were extremely interesting, for they included the seven liberal arts, philosophy, theology, medicine, law, natural history, astrology, and alchemy. The

philosophy of the period was known as scholasticism, a system based on the ideas of Plato and Aristotle and developed by John the Scot in the eighth century and by St. Albert and St. Thomas Aquinas in the thirteenth. It taught that logical reasoning, besides revelation, can be used to a large extent to prove the verity of Christian truths. It therefore may be regarded as a uniting of pagan science with Christian doctrine. Theology was then, as now, based on St. Thomas's *Summa Theologica*. Medical students studied the works of Hippocrates; law students, the *Corpus Juris Civilis* of Justinian; students of natural history, Aristotle's fifty-volume treatise on the subject. Astrology and alchemy were two new courses—the first having been introduced from Arabia; the second, from Egypt. Astrology helped lay the foundation for astronomy, while alchemy, though chiefly a search for the philosopher's stone to turn all metals to gold and for a drink to make man's life immortal, formed the nucleus of modern chemistry.

For the medieval university professor there were four chief requirements. He had to be at least 21 years of age, he must have completed a six year course of study, he had to lecture for two years, and finally he must have passed a stringent examination before being permitted to teach. Classes were conducted in much the same fashion as they are in universities today. The professor, who always wore a long black cape and a pair of sandals, lectured or dictated while the students took notes which they later memorized.

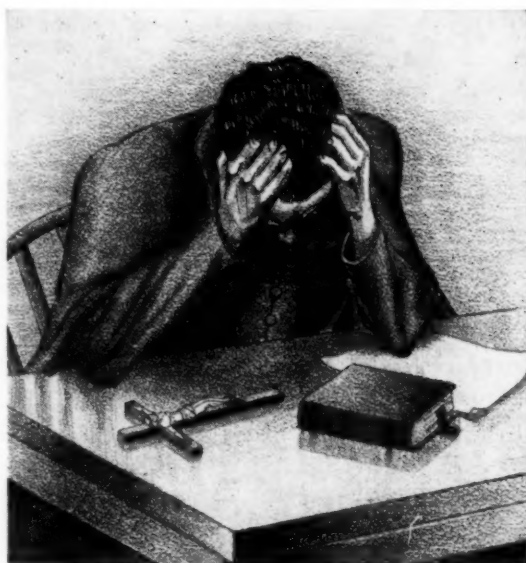
The outstanding scholars for the age of universities include: Roger Bacon, author of the *Opus Majus*; Robert Grosseteste, head of one of the Oxford colleges; Peter Abelard, whose *Sic et Non* gave rise to many philosophical discussions; Albertus Magnus, the "second Aristotle"; and St. Thomas Aquinas, author of the *Summa Theologica*. To these and to all others who watched over the universities during their early days we are indebted for the great schools of today.

And thus we learn, contrary to the opinions expressed by modern opponents of the Catholic Church, contrary to the teachings of so many present-day university professors, and contrary to the accusations made by the medical student whom I met, that there did exist a large number of educational institutions in the Middle Ages, that nearly everyone—even the barbarians, the poor, the girls, and the children of slaves—was given an opportunity to be educated, and that the subjects taught were in many respects the same as those studied at the present day. In conclusion we can definitely see that the Middle Ages, considered in the true light of history, were not a period of retrogression in learning or of decline in scholarship, but rather a time when education, after recovering from the effects of the fall of Rome, steadily advanced to take on the forms which it holds in the present day.

# The MISFIT OF GOD

by

Walter Sullivan, O.S.B.



**H**OMESICKNESS as physical as the sinking and crawling of the stomach gripped Noel as he stared out across the swell of the ocean toward the receding sky line of France. He watched it through a mist that reddened his eyes.... good-bye France, loved ones, security, life-time friends and attachments... France and home.

"Here, here, Mon Pere," coaxed his hale and loud-spoken ship-mate, Father Leonard Garreau, taking Noel by the shoulder. "No time for that now. Try and forget it all... all that back there. Think of New France... and the souls of the Huron savages."

Father Noel Chabanel smiled twistedly at his comrade as he turned back from the rail of the ship. "You are right, Leonard," he said half-heartedly. "I'm a missionary now, and yet, Mon Pere, how hard it is to leave dear old France, perhaps forever." There was the faintest suggestion of a sob in Father Chabanel's voice.

Father Leonard shrugged his broad shoulders as only a French can. "Of course, it's hard, Noel," he said. "It's hard on all of us. It would be much easier to leave right after the novitiate than now after the growth of so many worldly attachments. But the work, Father Noel, the glorious work

among the Hurons. You felt pity in your heart for these people or you would not have volunteered."

"I wonder," said Noel, "if I did the wise thing? Teaching rhetoric in the University at Rodez was no training for the American wilderness. I understand that the Indian language is the hardest problem of our missionaries in Canada."

"A problem for others, Noel," said Father Leonard, "but not for you. You always were so quick with languages, Mon Pere. Why you'll have that hissing Huron on your tongue in two weeks."

Noel grinned a little: "Don't be too sure of my fluency, Leonard; I remember asking Father Isaac Jogues about the Indian dialects the last time he returned to France."

"What did he say?" queried Father Leonard.

"Father Jogues discouraged my curiosity. He advised me to keep my nose in a French grammar and not to try my hand at the dialects of the Huron savages. Perhaps I should have taken his advice; and remained professor of rhetoric at Rodez."

"I think not. God meant you for the mission, Noel. You are just getting into your life work," said Father Garreau seriously.

"If some Iroquois does not get my scalp first," added Father Noel. "I feel that I am called to the mission, but there is no great consolation or high hopes. But here's Monsieur Capitan with news about those lowering clouds."

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The good ship *Beau Marie* weathered uneventfully the heavy North Atlantic seas and in two weeks was sailing up the St. Lawrence river in full view of the city on the rock... Quebec. It is hard for us to imagine with what ecstasy the Canadians greeted the ship from France. Every vessel was a link with a beloved country so remotely distant that the natives thought of a return passage as a trip into another world.

The arrival of a ship from France was an event. The dock was crowded with wealthy citizens of Quebec, fur trappers from the outposts, soldiers from the garrison, children dancing and playing gleefully on the wharf, girls decked out in their best to welcome the sailors. Count Frontenac was there in his carriage to take the officers and nobility to his citadel in the upper town.

While cannon thundered on the battlement overlooking the river, and the Canadians sang lustily, the *Beau Marie* dropped anchor in the deep water

off-shore, and the Captain with his officers came to the wharf in the ship's boat.

The boat returned for the missionaries and the Comte De Chauvalin. Father Noel was standing the better to get a full impression of this first contact with life in his new home... the American wilderness. The rugged outlines of Quebec, formidable looking as a rocky cliff, recalled the Bastille in Paris; the roofs and spires reminded him, he thought with a pang, of the old French town of Toulouse. This was France-like. But on the edge of the crowd, mingling with the trappers, moving lithely like lean animals of the forest, Noel spied several bronzed savages. He breathed more quickly. Here were the children of his mission, his Hurons for whom he had left France and all that he loved in this life.

He nudged Father Noel: "Look at those Indians, Father."

Father Leonard Garreau raised his head and looked over the shoulders of an oarsman. "I see them, Noel. Mean-looking fellows, aren't they?"

A sailor grinned and looked at Father Noel: "Them's Hurons from up the river, Father. Mean as the devil in the woods; you won't ketch me very far from town when them copper swabs is hangin' round. They'd scalp their own grandmother for a swig of rum."

"I'll take my chance on that," laughed Noel. "One

Jesuit the less won't matter. Come on, Father Garreau, we're in Canada." As the boat touched the wharf Father Noel was the first to leap lightly on shore. His heart overflowed with grace as the children and the people pressed about him welcoming him to New France. All his early sentiment of failure seemed far away.

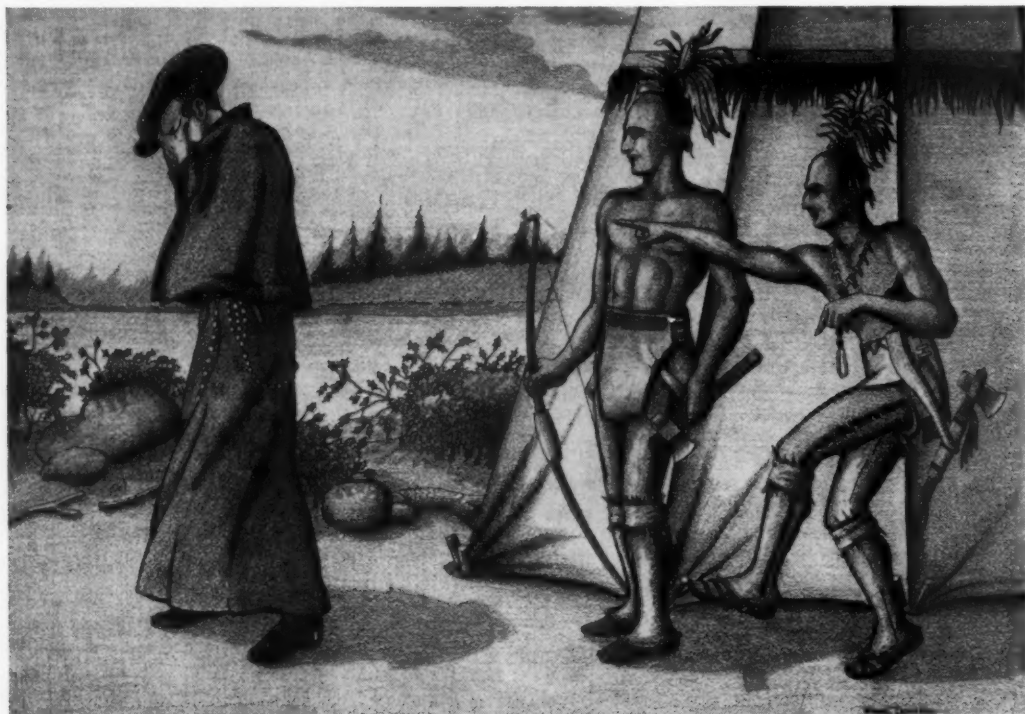
In the northern winter twilight that descends so swiftly in the American wilderness a be-furred and muffled figure slithered through the heavy snow to the mission cabin of Bay St. Louis. As Father Noel Chabanel entered the cabin of his fellow missionary, Father Quentin, the wind and cold swept into the room behind him and sent a shower of sparks from the fire-place.

"Well, Father Noel?" from Father Quentin.

A sigh of extreme weariness and disgust was the only answer.

"Well...?" Father Quentin looked closely at his priest companion as he extricated himself from the heavy coat and muffler. He was moved at the traces of tears on Noel's cheeks. "Come on, man, buck up. I know as well as you do that the Indians are like beasts, Noel, but they've got souls. Come now, Noel, buck up."

"Like beasts... they've got souls," Father Noel repeated like a man in a dream... "God, Quentin...!"



Outside the lodge the savages surrounded Noel to mock and make merry at his retchings.



The next moment Noel was heaving with sobs, and his comrade in his rough way was trying to understand the choked words that were torn from Noel's heart: "God, I try so hard to win them... they don't know how hard; they eat and live like dogs, Quentin, like wild dogs. It makes me sick to go into their lodges. I can't learn their howling language... grunts and growls made without any movement of the lips. Father Jogues was right... I should have stayed in Rodez. I can't stand it here, Quentin, and it's only a year since I came to Quebec."

"Poor Noel," soothed Father Quentin, perplexed and embarrassed at the sight of a grown man breaking before him; "Take it easy, old man, and you'll get used to these poor devils. Remember they have no one but you, Father Noel. Try it again."

"No, Quentin," groaned Noel, his face buried in his hands, "never can I get used to these savages. They outrage all the decent feelings I ever had. I am afraid, Mon Pere... I'm afraid that I'm just a misfit." \* \* \* \* \*

Unable to adjust himself to the savage customs of the wilderness, incapable of learning the Huron dialects, broken in health from fasting, and the crude diet of the savages, Noel Chabanel dragged out three years in the Huron mission at Bay St. Louis. Other men succeeded where he failed. Father Quentin, his companion, was chattering Huron with the squaws and children a few months after their arrival at the Bay. Father Quentin's cheerful spirit was infectious; he had influence with the Indian council; Father Quentin's word curbed the cruel savagery of Indian warfare; his presence restrained the wildness at an Indian festival. In contrast with Father Quentin's wonderful success stood the failure of Father Noel Chabanel. Always... more persistently as the dismal days lengthened... a shadow haunted his waking and sleeping hours... the shadow of a life of failure. Noel fought bravely against it as it formed itself in words: "I am a misfit. I ought to go back to France. I ought to quit."

The idea became an obsession with him. His life became a struggle against his own conviction of failure. He worked harder, tried to bury his refinement by getting closer to the Indians. He mingled with them after their return from the hunt or the warpath, visited them in their lodges, shared their dirt and their meals, redoubled his poor efforts to learn the savage language.

The savages sensed his refinement and went out of their way to outrage it; they resented his repugnance to their habits, and made sport of his weakness. The Indians made him feel more sharply what he himself now believed... that he was a failure among them.

The climax came one evening at Corpus Christi. The young men had returned after a successful foray into the land of the Iroquois, the fierce and

cruel enemies of the Hurons. Father Noel shuddered at sight of the bloody scalps hanging from the belts of the young men. But nauseated as he was he went down to the long lodge where the victory feast was in progress, always hopeful of breaking through the stolid reserve of this savage people, always zealous for another occasion to harden himself to the barbarism of the wilderness.

A place was grudgingly given him near the door. Humbly Noel Chabanel squatted beside the savages, accepted a gourd full of doubtful broth from the kettle over the fire, and opened a conversation with the warrior beside him.

"Did the young men all come back from the land of the Iroquois?"

The savage ventured to grunt an answer.

Father Noel put his question again, but his language was equally unintelligible. His companion grunted contemptuously, and gave Noel his broad back; several of the squatters applauded the uncivil warrior, and some Indian girls laughed merrily at the missionary's embarrassment.

Father Noel crushed down his pride, and turned his attention to the gruel in the gourd; but even this unappetizing food he was not to enjoy.

One of the old squaws reached a grimy arm into the steaming kettle and extracted a gruesome object; she flourished it and called to Noel; the poor priest took one look, dropped his gourd, and made his way quickly from the long lodge. The squaw had pulled from the kettle the amputated arm of a Mohawk captive. Outside the lodge the savages surrounded Noel to mock and make merry at his retchings.

Painfully Father Noel found his way to his little hut, entered and barred the door; they would leave him now, and go back to their horrible broth. Prostrate on the floor of his hut he wept—until the sleep of exhaustion overtook him. There Father Quentin found him on his return to the village in the morning.

"Noel, Noel!" he was on his knees pulling at the soutane.

Noel turned a pale and suffering face on Father Quentin. His voice was trembling:

"Quentin, this is the end—I can't stand it any longer. Last night—O God, Quentin—I must leave this place."

"Poor Noel," said Father Quentin kindly, "you are not well. Lie here on my cot and take some warm nourishment. You are ill, Noel."

After his meagre breakfast, prepared by kind Father Quentin, Father Noel gathered his few things preparatory for the long trek back to Quebec. Before the Holy Eucharist, enthroned in the rude chapel for the Christian Indians, Noel Chabanel knelt and prayed. He told God that this was the end; he, Noel Chabanel, was a failure—a misfit who fitted better into a university lecture hall than a Huron Indian village. He bowed his head for the answer from his Eucharistic God, bowed and waited.

Slowly the answer came like the breaking of dawn. Noel raised his head as if startled by a voice, and the slight tilt of his head showed that he was hearkening.

An old Huron squaw praying at the door of the chapel saw the head of the priest drop forward, heard the stifled sobbing of a heart laboring under great emotion.

An hour later Noel, red-eyed, pale, but firmly resolute, left the chapel and returned to his cabin. Father Quentin and the Canadian trapper, Gene Gastineau, were packing Noel's things.

Father Quentin looked embarrassed. "Mon Pere, Noel," he said rather sadly, "Gene is passing through on his way back to the post. He is willing to guide you to Quebec." Then Father Quentin walked over slowly to Father Noel and took him by the hand.

"It will be lonesome here at the village when you are gone, Noel. God alone knows how it helped to have you here."

Father Noel looked down and then raised his eyes

filled with tears. He was smiling bravely when he spoke. "I am not going after all, Quentin."

Father Quentin whispered the incredible words, "Not going . . . not going to leave here, Noel?"

Noel was smiling: "Not going, Quentin. I have just made a vow to spend the rest of my life on the Huron missions."

\* \* \* \* \*

St. Noel Chabanel... Author's Note: Father Noel Chabanel, S. J., was born in the diocese of Mende, France, February 2, 1613. He became a novice at the Jesuit house of studies at Toulouse where he was ordained. After a teaching career at Toulouse and Rodez, he joined the Canadian mission, where he arrived August 15, 1643. After six years of dreadful hardship, meeting with little success as a student of the Huron dialects, nauseated always by the savagery and the fasting, Father Chabanel met death at the hands of a Huron apostate near the mouth of the Nottawassaga River, Ontario, December 8, 1649. He was canonized June 29, 1930, and is venerated as St. Noel Chabanel.

## HE STAYED QUIT!

*Leslie E. Dunkin*

**A** BAD habit always seems larger in the other person than it does in ourselves. How large our bad habit really is for us depends upon our answer to the question, "Can we stay 'Quit'?" If we can quit only for a short time and then are back with our bad habit, we have to acknowledge it is larger than we are. Only if we can stay "Quit!" can we prove we are bigger than this bad habit—whatever it may be.

"I tried to quit several times and soon went back to my bad habit," explained a Catholic university student. "But when I realized it was larger than I, I was determined to show everybody I could stay 'Quit!'—and I did."

"Tell us how you did it," we insisted at once, and these are the ten steps he took to stay "Quit!":

(1) He analyzed himself and his habit. He found how and when it appealed the strongest to him—also how and when he could master it most effectively. This information helped him to make his plans to stay "Quit."

(2) He made frequent visits to the Blessed Sacrament—daily when it was at all possible for him. He dedicated his medal, which he wore continuously, as a reminder to him and an aid to him to stay "Quit!" He paused for a special prayer to be able to stay "Quit!" at various times during each day.

(3) He gained personal help. A pal, who knew and understood, was enlisted to help him—especially at his weakest moments.

(4) He avoided suggestions for the bad habit. His analysis of the bad habit showed him when and

how its appeal really started,—so far ahead of when it seemed to become large and threatening that he never before had thought of the habit chain starting in such a small way. He avoided the small beginnings as he would rankest poison.

(5) He timed his special efforts to quit. First, the time was very short and was gradually extended until he had shown he could say "Quit!"

(6) He kept at his efforts. He remembered that Washington lost more battles than he won, and yet the Great American was instrumental in winning the Revolutionary War for his Country.

(7) He kept his spirits high. He found that loss of sleep and strength brought easy times for the bad habits to loom up larger than he was at the time. He sought people who had high spirits most of the time, avoiding the discouraging and pulling-down type.

(8) He developed a helpful hobby, one that would help him in his efforts to stay "Quit!"

(9) He substituted a good habit to take the place of the discarded bad habit. He found that the easiest way to remove darkness from a room is to let some light into it.

(10) He found somebody with a similar habit, who was also making a sincere effort to stay "Quit!" and they fought their battles out together. Each helped the other.

"It sounds easy now," smiled our student friend, "but it took some tough fighting at times. It's worth the effort. You can stay 'Quit' if you really will."

by *John Cavan*



# Forming a Library

*"A good book is the precious lifeblood of a master-spirit,  
embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."*

—Milton

THERE is a boy of fourteen who lives near me whom I would designate as a movie addict. One hears of drug addicts but this lad has been just as weak, just as powerless to resist the spell movies have held over him as a drug fiend is to resist drugs. I might say he was drugged by their influence.

Harry goes to a Catholic school and after school used to go every day to the movies. He has a paper route and when the work of distributing the papers is over, after a hasty sandwich at his home, off to the movies!

He never missed a show. The effect, I could see at a glance! He was losing all moral stamina. At Christmas when my family and I were going to be gone for the day I asked Harry to watch my fires and paid him in advance. When he got home the furnace was out and as I learned later from the boy's sister, Harry had gone to the movies for the Christmas matinee and Christmas night performances.

I talked to Harry's mother and she agreed to give Harry a room all to himself in their attic. In my basement was a cabinet of tin which had been discarded. It once had held pots and pans and dish-towels, earning its name in its day as a utility chest. This we painted and with a padlock from the ten cent store it was fixed up like new; with a few books with which I was willing to part, it served as a couple of library shelves for Harry.

I stopped at his house yesterday. It was the usual hour when Harry would be at the movies. But instead Harry was home reading, so busy, with his head in an interesting book, that he did not look up when I stopped to wish his mother good day.

The moral is obvious. Parents who do not know how to cope with the demoralizing movie habit which has taken possession of the best of boys and girls of the teen age should give them their own book cases or at least a book shelf of their own.

Collecting is a greater hobby with boys than with girls. Allow a boy to have a room where he may pile collections, stamps, books, papers, shells, and the heterogeneous things that only a boy loves to

hoard and you will have no difficulty in keeping him away from harmful pleasures outside the home.

Girls love "things" too. They are fond of their own possessions. Let a girl once start a library of her own and it will form in her a taste for reading.

I know a man who is librarian in a jail. To keep the prisoners from getting too restless he puts a boy's book in a prisoner's cell. It is no time before the prisoner in his enforced seclusion becomes absorbed in an Alger book—as old fashioned stuff as that—or Stevenson's *Treasure Island* or *The Rover Boys in Southern Waters*.

Books are not only the finest decoration for a home but they actually make a home.

I knew a man who under these economic times of stress was forced to earn his bread peddling needles and knick-knacks. He lived in a hovel because he had no money, but he managed to keep his books with him and he has often told me how he kept sane and cheerful by reading his Chesterton and Belloc—no less—for this man was very intellectual. He had these books for solace and companionship when he came "home" from walking the city streets.

A certain sum can be reserved from movie money to buy books. One can get catalogues from special firms who deal in second-hand books in good condition. After being read once and then discarded they are bought up by men and women who deal in these so-called "old and used" books. My librarian-friend of the jail has told me that scientists have exploded the theory that books carry germs. He has a large family of boys and girls and he brings home any books that are duplicated at the jail and these are read over and over by his five boys. They have their own shelves which they built themselves and already have a library of several hundred boys' and girls' books.

As one becomes interested in books the horizon of book-knowledge widens. Not only does one improve the mind and one's moral and social standing, but there open up undiscovered avenues of fascination and channels leading to great discoveries.



For instance there is the fascinating hobby of book collecting. Some men get wealthy on this. The author *Donn Byrne* is so valued by collectors, a copy of some of his books may bring five or even ten times their value to the right collector.

There are editions of Dickens and Thackeray which are valuable. And there are first editions. First editions are books bearing the initial date of first publication on the fly leaf. A first edition sold last April of the *Imitation of Christ* was purchased for \$1250.

An edition of Chaucer printed on vellum published as late as 1896 was purchased for \$6100. The narrative of *The most extraordinary and distressing shipwreck of the Whale-ship Essex, of Nantucket Which was attacked and Finally destroyed by a large Spmaceti Whale, in the Pacific Ocean,* a book bound in morocco, published in New York in 1821, a work which was the source of Melville's *Moby Dick*, was bought for \$1700. A first edition of *Tom Sawyer* by Mark Twain, bound in blue cloth, dated 1876, was sold at auction for the price of \$1050.

Lying in corners of attics may be many a treasure trove. One must know what collectors want and there are magazines in your public libra-

ries which deal with these want lists. One may even pick up a priceless gem at a second hand book stall as did Louise Imogene Guiney when she chanced to find the companion volume to the one copy extant which the British Museum believed was the only survival of *Thalia Redivia*; "the pass-times and diversions of a country muse printed in London in 1678."

According to Miss Guiney's delightful biographer, Miss E. M. Tenison, when she recounts this incident, "It sometimes happens that an invisible magnetism draws the booklover to the destined book; and, by happy chance or blessed destiny, in a fortunate hour, even the impecunious have been known to purchase some treasure which wealthy men and famous Libraries have striven in vain to acquire."

It seems that collectors and University libraries had been trying to find a copy. To continue with Miss Tenison's telling of the tale;

"It was in the British Museum that Louise Guiney had made the acquaintance with the precious volume; that she herself would ever possess its double was far, very far from her mind. Yet whenever she saw some small old book, bound shabbily in time-worn calf or sheep-skin, she would touch the waif and stray tenderly, and open it gently, thinking of dead hands that might have held it, and of vanished souls to whom the now-neglected work—be it poetry, divinity, or what used to be called 'natural science'—had erstwhile been dear. One day in May, of 1899, the 26th to be precise, she was looking haphazard at a few such books at Goodspeed's shop in Park street, Boston, when suddenly she came upon one which immediately arrested her attention. 'It was a book by the author of *Thalia*,







# Three Centuries of Progress

*Epsy Colling*

"Why don't you bozos, who live without working, stop your perpetual begging and go to work? Pat Hays died worth many millions squeezed from poor and ignorant suckers, but the papers here made no mention of it. Old Man Ratti, the white night-shirted bum in Rome, is using a gold telephone, a special train and many other do-dads, bought with money of the poor. His latest stunt is permitting the use of his name on canned goods made in Italy and shipped here to be sold to damned foot Katlicks. You priests doll up in silks, satins, and laces more than street walkers. I don't need or want your masses, which are not worth anything and are only catch-penny devices to get money from mutts. Ora pro Nobis." (From a letter addressed to a Community of Religious by a Registered Nurse.)

ON AUGUST first, 1639, the whole village of Quebec was down at the little wharf to see a boat come in; and the inhabitants of that French outpost made up an enthusiastic crowd. The military band played, cannon boomed from the walls of the fort, soldiers cheered, and coureurs du bois threw their fur caps into the air, while red Indians stared in solemn wonder.

Quebec was going to have nuns! There was going to be a hospital! That new building up on the bluff was the Hotel Dieu and was to be the home of

three good Hospitalieres de la Misericorde de Jesus de L'Ordre de St. Augustine. These three Sisters were coming on the boat which approached the pier where the joyous Frenchmen were waiting.

The village, which was Quebec three hundred years ago, was a very tiny settlement, founded by Champlain in 1608; and it was a brave woman who would think of going out there to starve and freeze among the pig-headed Hurons. The Hurons were really Algonquins, but the French had nicknamed them Hurons because of their wild-hair-cuts. *Hure*

Henry Vaughan, and antedating *Thalia* by twenty-seven years, which Miss Guiney bought for a few dollars. Upon reaching home and thumbing over her find it was her unbounded joy to find bound into the same cover a complete copy of *Thalia* "come as if by predestination into the hands which best could prize it."

Books take on a new glamor when autographed by the author. In the larger cities many book departments have author's day when the authors gladly sign their names on the fly leaves of the newly purchased book. For a re-sale it usually enhances a book's intrinsic value to be thus autographed, especially if the author be a celebrated one.

The Benedictine abbeys in Europe abound in handwrought books. These are called manuscript books. The most celebrated of the manuscript books are in Ireland, books wrought in the seventh and eighth and ninth centuries by Irish monks. The Irish monks who excelled in this hand work called

illuminating were called to the European courts where they taught this work. The kings and queens had the best artists illuminate prayer books for them called Books of the Hours. In the same rare book sale mentioned above was a rare book of the hours consisting of 116 pages of finest vellum bound in red morocco and ornamented and hand-written. It was purchased for the fabulous sum of \$18,000 last April. There were twenty-eight books of the Hours at this same sale and all sold in prices ranging from one thousand dollars up. It was said to be one of the finest groups of the kind ever offered at public sale.

This may seem far from the idea of forming a home library. It merely unfolds the infinite possibilities for the possessor of books. In a home library one may find the nucleus for the hobby of collecting, as well as the happiness and time well spent in good reading.

is the Frenchword for boar; and, to the French, the Indians of Quebec looked for all the world like the wild pigs of their native forests.

Because of the hardships to be endured in Canada, the Archbishop of Rouen, who then had charge of French missions in America, was astonished at the great numbers of Sisters who applied for missionary privileges.

After much deliberation, three Hospitalieres were chosen to go out to the little hospital which had been built in Quebec through the generosity of the Duchesse D'Aiguillon, niece of the famous Cardinal Richelieu who was then Premier of France.

The names of these three intrepid souls were Mere Marie de St. Ignace, Superieure; Mere Anne de St. Bernard; and Mere Marie de St. Bonaventure. They were all young women in their twenties.

By winter they were settled in their hospital, the Hotel Dieu, which had been named after their mother house in Dieppe. With cold weather came the small-pox, the beginnings of the great plague which was to last for more than a decade and destroy untold numbers of both red men and white in Quebec.

The little Hotel Dieu was so crowded that the patients lay in rows on the floor, and the Hospitalieres had to step over them as they went about their duties.

Cloth for cleansing and bandaging was so scarce, that, by spring, the nuns were reduced to using parts of their habits for hospital needs.

Before the winter was well along, Mere Marie de St. Ignace found it necessary to have all the white habits dyed gray. The Hurons were so dirty and there was so much washing of bed-linen and bandages that the Hospitalieres just could not be always and forever washing their own clothes, too. And remember there were only three of them to do all the work, not only washing, but scrubbing, cooking, sweeping, and waiting on very sick Indians.

And those Indians! Along with their smallpox, they all had scrofula, lice, and bad habits. The children of the Hurons were spoiled and obstreperous, very different from those of the stolid Indians of the plains; and the children were the first to be brought under the nuns' care, for both the Indians and the authorities wanted to see the children saved from the plague.

In the spring of 1640, the three Hospitalieres were persuaded by the Hurons to go to their village of Sillery, four miles up the St. Lawrence. The Sisters acquiesced, as they thought it might be easier to cope with the epidemic if they lived right with the Indians and cared for the sick in their own homes.

The next year, 1641, Mere Marie de St. Ignace died at the age of thirty-one, overcome by hardship, hunger, and scurvy.

Her two companions, with recruits from France, carried on at Sillery until in 1644 the Iroquois went on the war-path, scattered the Hurons into the recesses of

the forest, and drove the good nurses back behind the palisades of Quebec.

The Hotel Dieu then became their cloister, and the order has remained there ever since except for the period of the French and Indian War during which time they had no buildings of their own, the hospital having been destroyed by fire in 1755.

During the war the Hospitalieres divided their time between their temporary establishment at the Jesuit College and the Quebec General Hospital where the wounded soldiers were cared for.

After the war, through the generosity of another Duchesse D'Aiguillon, the Hotel Dieu was begun again. The original wing is still in use, but it is lost sight of in that great building which crowns the Upper Town of Quebec and stands on exactly the same spot as did the first little hospital.



## The Medal of St. Benedict

Benedictine Abbey  
St. Meinrad, Indiana

Reverend and Dear Fathers:

While attending Mass at my Parish Church, St. Anthony's here, I was stricken with a terrible intestinal pain. I managed to walk two blocks toward my home where my daughter lives. I struggled up the stairs. She phoned my Doctor and received a prescription by phone. It did me no good and so a near-by Doctor was called and he ordered me to the Hospital at once for an operation. Instead, I petitioned St. Benedict, placing a medal of the Saint upon the pain. At once, I experienced relief and have had no pain since. I promised—for Masses in honor of St. Benedict. Please publish this cure, for to me it was very wonderful. Thanks to God and St. Benedict.

A faithful client of St. Benedict,  
(Mrs.) Nora Murray

Oakland, California

# The Mendrisio Good Friday Procession

Marie Widmer

**G**OOD FRIDAY all over Christendom is a day of profound religious significance, but nowhere is it observed in a more impressive manner than in the quaint little town of Mendrisio, 20—25 minutes' train ride from Lugano in Italian speaking Switzerland! Way back, in the days before printed books were available for the enlightenment of the people, biblical stories were told to them not only in sermons, but also in scenes depicted on the stained glass windows of churches, and, most realistically of all, through biblical plays presented at Christmas and Easter.

The dramatic events of the night before Good Friday, and the soul-stirring episodes of Good Friday itself, have through many centuries, and up to the present day, been portrayed in different parts of Switzerland by means of large processions. Among these the Mendrisio processions have above all retained elements of a mystery play.

Maundy Thursday and Good Friday attract almost the entire populace of the Mendrisiotto district to Mendrisio, where every home has been decorated with utmost care for this occasion. Under the windows and on the balconies are illuminated presentations of biblical episodes, while long festoons of transparent arches, dating back to the 18th century, adorn the streets at regular intervals, together with flower-bedecked lanterns. As a symbol of the fête three illuminated crosses rise between the pillars of the Cathedral.

The Maundy Thursday procession starts at 9 P.M., when the waiting populace, gay and talkative up to that time, suddenly becomes quiet. Music, sombre and solemn, is heard from the distance, and presently two Roman heralds, riding in a chariot, announce the approach of the procession by a flourish of trumpets. "Christ's road of suffering to Golgotha" is its theme and the participants in the long parade include in succession Roman warriors on horseback and on foot; youths with ladders, picks and shovels; Christ, bowed under the weight of the Cross, accompanied by Veronica, Simon of Cyrene and the two Marys; Scribes and

Pharisees, Herod and Pilate, the High Priest and many people, lantern and torch-bearers, warriors, Moors, slaves, etc., make up the final group of the procession which makes its way to the Capuchin church in the town.

The Good Friday cortège, which represents the burial of Christ, has a funeral solemnity, with the singing societies of Mendrisio and environs taking part in the Music. Four Roman warriors, in shining armor, and on horseback, open this procession. They are followed by a group of boys and old men bearing transparent pictures and illuminated crucifixes of paper.

A group of little girls, dressed as angels, carry the Savior's shroud, widely spread out, while young priests and laymen carry a catafalque, bearing the body of Christ. A life size figure of the Virgin Mary follows immediately. On sight of this group most onlookers kneel reverently on the ground, making the sign of the cross. A large black flag, symbol of the Good Friday festival, is carried by four men at the end of the procession.

A long line of believers forms the grand finale of this nocturnal Good Friday procession. They, too, carry candles, torches or fancy lantern fashion-

ed of paper, some having the form of a cathedral, a castle, or an old biblical musical instrument. With its fantastic illuminations the procession has an overwhelming effect upon the spectators. To see it a second and even a third time, they hurry from one part of the little town to the other, for it winds its way for over an hour through the long thoroughfares of Mendrisio.



# Baseball in 1939

## Casts and Forecasts

**A**S THE distant rumble of the heavy artillery rolls across the plains from sunny Florida and distant California "the young man's (and the old man's too) thoughts turn to things of baseball." With the training season well advanced the speculations are coming hot and heavy, but the question of the hour concerns the "Bronx Bombers." Can they repeat? Are they strong enough to carry off their fourth straight pennant, and thereby break the all-time record for the junior circuit? Not since its inception, in 1901, has the American League had a four-time winner; for this reason the Yanks will not only be fighting off the thrusts of the contenders, but also that formidable foe, Mr. Precedent—a tough gent who has the discouraging habit of coming out on top. But, from where we sit, it looks as though Mr. Precedent is in for a rather unceremonious pushing around.

Everything considered, the Yanks have a better than even chance to repeat. It is the same club that brushed aside all competition last season, and there seems to be enough new blood coming up to add the necessary drive to carry them over. Chandler's injury will hinder them somewhat, but Hildebrand will be a winner and they should get some assistance from the two Newark lads, Donald and Haley, and also the Kansas City recruit, Washburn. Dickey's catching leaves nothing to be desired, and the infield should be better than last year; Gehrig is due for a better season, and the year's experience didn't hurt Gordon. With De Mag getting some assistance from Henrich, Selkirk, Powell, and possibly Keller, they should have the old confidence, bordering on contempt, which makes them tough.

**S**HOULD the Yanks falter Cleveland looks like the best bet to step into the spotlight. With Feller, Allen, Harder, and Co. they really have the pitching. With Averill, Chapman, and Heath they have the standout garden trio of the League. A year should do wonders for Heath if he can beat the "second year" jinx. The big question mark is the keystone combination; this hole must be plugged or the Tribe will end up with no better than "show" money. At the present reading Oscar Grimes has the inside track at second, and Jimmy Webb at short. This is the crux of the Cleveland situation.

As Grove goes, so goes the Red Sox. If the venerable one can return to a shadow of the former self the "Goldplated Boys" should be in the thick of the pennant fight, but should he fail to regain his former cunning there doesn't seem to be much hope of a pennant in Boston. The rest of the staff can't carry the load. With Higgins gone to Detroit third base becomes an unknown quantity; Jim Tabor is the heir apparent, but there is question of his ability to fill the bill. Ted Williams should fit well in the outfield picture with Vosmik and Cramer; coupled with Foxx and Cronin this crew should drive in a flock of runs, but they still need pitching.

**R**IGHT on the Sox' heels are the Tigers. At the present time Del Baker has two mansized headaches; Rowe's arm, and what to do with Rudy York when he drops his war club. The former problem can only

Kreevich, Steinbacker, and Radcliff leave little to be desired in the garden. With a few good breaks we should see an improved White Sox in '39.

In the sixth spot we have chosen the Nationals. The team seems to be building for the future, but does not give evidence of going places in '39. Bonura and Simmons are gone and the question arises, who is going to drive in the runs? The Pitching is doubtful. Much is expected of Krakauskas and Chase, but they have yet to prove themselves as first class hurlers. In Rick Farrell the catching is in good hands. Wasdell seems to be ready to step in and take over the spot long denied him. Should he do so, he will round out a rather good infield. It is in the punch department that the Nats are lacking; West and Case are fixtures in the outfield, but the other spot is wide open. They will have to produce a long distance hitter to become a threat this year.

## American League

*Don Shaughnessy*

be answered in time, but the latter demands immediate solution. York refuses to shift to the outer garden for fear he'll get killed, and there doesn't seem to be room for him behind the plate with Tebbetts coming along, and he can't displace Greenburg, so what to do? That's Baker's worry. The rest of the club looks powerful. Hutchingson, Trout, and Tate should help the pitching staff, and Higgins and Croucher should round out a well-balanced infield with Gehringer and Greenburg. The outfield is still a question, but should York work into the present combination they will be tough.

The shot that shattered Monte Stratton's right leg also blasted any dreams the Sox might have had of the first division for '39. That blow left them without a first line pitcher, an asset most necessary to a pennant contender. The club's other weakness is inexperience behind the plate. They have two fine prospects in Silvestri and Tresh, but no experience. The rest of the club is satisfactory. Hayes's condition is still in doubt, but he should receive welcome assistance from McNair and Bejma; Kuhel and Appling are due for better seasons if they can shake the injury jinx. Walker,

**F**OR the number seven position we have selected the Brownies. Under their new manager, Fred Haney, they seem to be definitely on the up beat. They are well fortified defensively and have a good punch, but they lack a sound pitching corps. McQuinn, Heffner, Kress, and Clift give them a well-balanced infield; and Bell, Almada, and Hoag give promise of the best Brownie garden crew in several years. But with all this Buck Newsum must have some help on the mound or they can't hope to go up the ladder. There are several good looking rookies in camp, but they have yet to show themselves in major league competition. All in all we can't see them going much higher in '39.

In the anchor spot we have placed the "Grand old man," Connie Mack. Always a great builder Connie is still practicing, and says that he is not too far away from another pennant contender. At present his main object is a tighter infield and a southpaw who can win consistently. Allowing for unforeseen mishaps his infield shapes up in this fashion; Dick Siebert at first. Wayne Ambler changed from short to second, with the rookie sensation Bill Lillard making the grade at short, and Werber at third. The power of the team is in the outfield in Bob Johnson, Moses, Finney, and Chapman. Should that infield combination click don't be surprised to see Connie on the way up.



**W**HAT it is that causes people to try to pick National League pennant winners is a mystery. It simply can't be done. Still there is one very consoling feature about trying. No matter whom you pick, you can't be far wrong. Almost invariably the first of September every year finds four or five clubs tied up so closely you need higher mathematics to find out who is leading the league. The set-up this year only makes the picking tougher than ever. Anything can happen, and there is every reason to suspect strongly that it will.

Grabbing a name out of the hat and with a quaver in my voice, I'll take the Cubs for the 1939 National League champions. To begin with they are defending champions and are in possession so to speak. They should at least have as good a season as last year, and will very probably have a better one. Their pitching, while definitely not tops in the league, may prove to be very effective. Bill Lee is a standout. French, Bryant, and Root are all big-time flingers, while Harrell has shown more than average promise.

There is no point in climbing out on the limb about Dizzy Dean. If he regains anything like his old time form, it could very easily mean the pennant for the Hartnett crew. If he doesn't the club could drop as low as fourth without surprising anybody too much. The Cub infield combination of Hack, Bartell, Herman, and Cavaretta looks to be the class of the loop and shapes up as their biggest asset. The outfield prospects aren't over bright, but Leiber, Marty, Galan, and Reynolds could be worked into a passable outer defense. Finally the team has the leadership and spirit of Gabby Hartnett.

**A**S WE go to press, *Life* is preparing an eight page spread on the Cincinnati Reds as the "Coming Team in Baseball." That is a pretty good tip-off on their standing in the winter books. The club has limitless possibility, but a liberal sprinkling of question marks which could prove disastrous. Its greatest strength is in its pitching. Derringer, Walters, Vander Meer, Grissom, Moore, Barrett, Schott, and Weaver are about as difficult a bunch of twirlers to get along with as there is in baseball today. The fly in the Reds' ointment is the infield situation. Frank McCormick at first, of course, is the

answer to any manager's prayer but the rest of last year's infields—Frey, Meyers, and Riggs—are hardly of championship caliber.

As far as the outfield is concerned the Cincinnati fortunes all look thriving. There is Wally Berger, who may prove to be the key man and pacer of the team; Harry Craft who, as all hands are agreed, is a real comer; and Ival Goodman the home run slugging, rifle-armed right fielder. The catching department is well taken care of by the circuit's No. 1 hitter and most valuable player, Ernie Lombardi, and his peppery understudy, young Willard Herschberger. For the sake of argument, I'll list the Reds for the number two spot.

That brings us up to the Giants. There are so many pitchers on Bill Terry's staff recovering from operations that the American Medical Association ought to hold its convention at the Polo Grounds next summer. With the condition of Hubbell, Schumacher, Castleman, and Melton being as doubtful as it is only a very rash individual would take a definite stand on their chances. If Zeke Bonura can supply that extra batting punch, if Myatt can do some-

## National League

*Alfred Horrigan*

thing else besides run, if Whitehead can solve the second base question, and if Demaree can recover his 1937 batting form the Giants could quite conceivably lead the pack down the home stretch. Mell Ott and Harry Danning can be put down, of course, as top-flight, dependable performers, but there are still too many "ifs" sticking out all over the place to justify slating the club for anything better than the third place slot.

**T**HE Pirates are the fourth outfit which must be conceded a very definite chance of coping the year's honors. It's an open secret that what Pie Traynor has to have is a pitcher or so who can be depended on to win eighteen or twenty games. The infield of Suhr, Young, Vaughan, and Handley needs no apologies defensively or offensively, while with the Waner boys and Rizzo in the outer patrol the situation there is fairly well in hand. The catching department could stand bolstering as the newly acquired Ray Mueller may need a good deal of assistance before the year is over. Before I change my mind, I'll hang the fourth place tag on the Buccaneers.

On the basis of pre-season information both the Cardinals and Bees look potent enough to cause the first four clubs a lot of trouble if any of them begin to slip. Ray has a pitching and second base problem which is pretty well offset by a reasonable amount of first class hitting. Joe Medwick and Johnny Mize are almost a team by themselves.

On the other hand wily Casey Stengel up in the habitat of the cod and the bean has pitching to burn but no particular punch at the plate to speak of. It is not unthinkable, however, that Simmons, Hassett, and Garms might be partially able to remedy that weakness. To keep the record straight let's say that the Cardinals will top the second division with the Bees climbing all over their heels.

As always, of course, there is no telling about Brooklyn. Mr. Lippy Lou Durocher (or Mr. MacPhail, if you are inclined that way) does not seem to have anything on hand which noticeably excels Burleigh Grimes 1938 version of the Dodgers. At the same time the team has certain latent possibilities which can't be ignored. If Mungo ever makes up his mind to try he could match pitches with almost anybody in the game. Lavagetto at third will bear a lot of watching. Gene Moore may strengthen the outfield considerably, while Dolph Camilli may very well return to his 1937 batting form.

**O**VER Quaker City way the new manager Doc Prothro appears to be in about the same hole from which Jimmy Wilson was forcibly extricated last year. The bright spots are so few and far between that they are practically undiscoverable. There is no turning back now, so put down a seven for the Dodgers and an eight for the Phillies.

This is at least one idea of what could happen in the National League before the next World Series. As indicated, any of last year's first division teams could top the final standings without causing any undue surprise or demand for a recount. There is no team whose chances look good enough to prompt anything less than a 3-1 investment. Or in other words, it looks like a typical National League pennant race.

# The Luck of DISMAS

by Jerome Maher



JAMES WALLEN was in church again. Had you predicted a week before that he would be found therein, he would have laughed sardonically. He still felt a bit like laughing at this twist of fate, but a laugh would attract attention, and this would be unwelcome. For the humor of the situation was overshadowed by the grim knowledge that he was wanted for a felony. So he remained silent.

The urge to worship or repent had not, you understand, impelled him to seek the haven he now welcomed. When a man has dodged the law for a day and a night, he is very suspicious. The sight of a passerby, appraising him curiously, makes him slink into the nearest doorway, even if it lead to a mosque. Caution forces him to unwonted measures, especially if he has recently shot a person. Hence Wallen, devout cynic, was in church again.

He had picked a dark corner, dark as his thoughts. Once his thoughts had been bright like the gleaming sanctuary. He had been quite a figure at Creston College. He had been called promising, I think, yet it was a promise that never had been fulfilled.

True, he had attained fame, considerable fame, but his old teachers would have called it a spurious success, tinsel or worse. He had been well-trained in literature: he had become a well-known writer. Yet his works had gradually deteriorated so badly in their standards that they had finally been labelled progressive.

You've probably seen, from time to time, the reviews of his books. The less-squeamish critics called them "frank." The jacket-blurbs often termed them "provoking," but the fact that they provoked sin was delicately left unsaid. It was considered more fashionable to hint it in this euphemistic manner. His public always caught the hint. Neither were they confused when, for variety's sake, the books were called "challenging."

Some people would have branded his works criminal. But perhaps that term is too harsh. After all, he had never snatched a purse, he had never shattered a safe. He was merely advanced. And, since he made a very good living at it, maybe there was nothing wrong with it.

Of course, he had experienced unfavorable comments from certain quarters. It was claimed that he had a malign influence on his readers, that none derived any benefit from his works, that many suffered serious harm. But he had always said that he forced no one to buy, yet they bought in great numbers. The mere size of his sales made him feel important, and respectable, and . . . well, . . . stimulating.

He hadn't always been so. There was a time, in his early career, when he had felt that his talents were a trust, that he must use them for the benefit of others. There was a time when he thought each word would one day be scrutinized, and a balance cast, and a verdict rendered. But that seemed very long ago.

Success, under this formula, had been slower of attainment than his ambitions would brook. Rewards had been smaller than his tastes demanded. And, so, he had become challenging.

From a certain view, it had been a wise move. Where, before, he had merely made a living, now, with the same talents and no more effort he became very comfortable. Where, before, he was known to but a few, now he had a large following who eagerly waited each new book that leaped from his brain. He even gave lectures to packed audiences. The lectures were called provoking.

Naturally, as his art had waxed, he had lost interest in church. No one ever needed to ask him why. If he talked with you long enough, he let you know, by an illustrative story or a clever jest, that he had lost his faith. As minds develop, he would point out, they lose the childish view. He had a hundred glib dis-

missals that handily took care of the matter. After all, one must defend his motives, especially lest they appear mercenary. A man owes it to himself.

But here he was in church again, and this amazing fact hasn't been clearly explained. Well, it started at a party in his own apartment. He had been drinking about as heavily as one of his own characters. The last remaining guest had even outdone him. They had quarreled over some trivial thing that their unsteady condition magnified. The quarrel had led to a violent fight, and he had wildly turned defeat into victory by plucking a pistol from a desk and shooting his adversary square through the chest.

When the other man wheezed and fell spouting blood, Wallen was instantly shocked sober, and the universe came tumbling about his ears, and he fled through the night with one thought... to hide away. He feared that an alarm would be spread, that the trains would be watched and the roads guarded. So he shunned both, and hid in a rooming house in a poor section of the city.

It was a little unsafe, he knew, to venture out again into the street, but he wanted both food to foil his aching hunger, and a newspaper to satisfy his gnawing curiosity. But the guilt was heavy on him, and he had not gone far, when he saw a man scrutinizing him keenly. Then, panic-stricken, he slunk defensively into the church.

The corner he chose was quite dark, and the altar bright, so the contrast made him feel almost secure. He had entered just before the beginning of a sermon, and, when he saw a priest ascend the pulpit, he felt the whole affair was ridiculous, except for the note of overshadowing fear.

He had long ago stopped listening to such talks, even to the most finished ones, and now he was compelled by circumstances to hear a sermon that would be good enough merely for the few-score drab-looking worshippers that waited it willingly. Why a *pious* genius, he thought, would be bored by it. Whereas he...? Still he sat leaning against a pillar, and submitted in bored resignation to what could be less painful only than discovery and capture.

But the sermon proved to be far better than he expected, and this annoyed him most intensely. He had to admit grudgingly that the man was gifted, yet he would have preferred him to be shamblingly inept. For, as the phrases poured on and on, each one seemed to be shot like a burning shaft at him, who had long adjured such things. And he could not shut his ears to the message, though his heart strove to stifle its effect.

The priest was painting a picture carefully, deftly, appealingly. It was the old but ever poignant story of Mary's return to the feet of her Master. And, with alarm and disgust, Wallen felt as though the words were spoken with him in mind, as though he were being urged to follow in her path.

The notion had amused him for a moment, but, by swift degrees, his amusement turned to aversion, and his aversion to anger. He felt as though both his presence and his plight were known, and the voice in

the pulpit were taking unfair advantage of his temporary misfortune. No one had talked to him like this in years, and he keenly resented hearing such words from an obscure nonentity. In his wrath, he was drawn almost to rise and shout,

"You impertinent idiot! You prate about 'sin' and 'forgiveness.' Do you know who I am? I'm James Wallen. Do you know what books I've written? Do you know you're insinuating that I'm a fool and a criminal? I won't stand for it, I tell you."

Then a sudden fear possessed him, and a cold sweat seized him. Had he merely thought the words, or had he shouted them? He shivered, and shook his head, and mopped his brow, and stole a furtive look around. No; he hadn't spoken... At least no one had heard him. In relief, he edged further against the pillar that rose beside his seat.

But this was getting ridiculous, thinking of all that ancient nonsense, of 'hell,' and 'souls.' He must control himself. He must not let his mind grapple with those ideas. Why should he bandy even thoughts with a man who was mentally his inferior, who had probably never written so much as one book?

No, he braced the portals of his mind desperately against the thoughts that hammered for attention. The words from the pulpit kept flowing into his ears, but



his eyes roved the church eagerly seeking distraction from the unwelcome and repugnant phrases.

A shabby-looking church, and a shabbier congregation, he mused, with an attempt to be patronizing. What a laughable situation! As soon as he was out of this trouble, he'd tell his friends and they'd...

Out of this trouble...? His friends...? The phrases mocked him cruelly and recalled his misery more acutely. *When* would he be out of it? *Who* now were his friends? Why, they simply didn't exist. You don't seek the friendship of a ruined person. And he was ruined. There was no use in evading it. Ruined!

No longer was he a man of letters, an outstanding author. His career was gone. It had faded with the smoke from that fatal pistol. There was no use deluding himself. By now, his friends had scurried to disclaim him, and were seeking a new patron to fawn upon. By now, they were saying that it was all too bad, but they had rather expected it you know. Of course, they were saying it. He knew their type. Hadn't he analyzed them in a dozen volumes? They would be true to the pattern.

Yes, he was now not James Wallen, "my friend, the novelist, you know." He was not even merely James Wallen. He was James Wallen, about five feet seven, dark-complexioned, slender, wanted for murder. He was a hunted creature. The structure of his life had fallen and piled its ruins about his bowed shoulders. He was friendless and alone.

"...but we need never be alone. There is One Who will bear with us the yoke of trial and trouble. Merely a word..."

Wallen started with sudden surprise at the searching phrases that seemed to probe his very thoughts.

And, in his misery, despair yielded to the first faint glimmer of hope. What if he could possibly, out of his wreck, salvage one Friendship? The very words just finished told him that this could be. The soaring confidence that ended the plea from the pulpit assured him that this was his chance. One Friend still waited, Unchanged, the Same he had known in his early days, those happy days.

And, as his mind wandered from the present, he recalled with sudden clarity a fragment that rose from the past, those clear, hope-vibrant notes of Vaughan, the lines of a poem he once had greatly cherished.

"Happy those early days when I  
Shined in my angel infancy..."

The ardent countenances of the acolytes, awaiting the opening of the tabernacle, made his sense of loss more vivid. Yes, those had been happy days. Fame was still far from him, but they had been happy. Fascinated, almost against his will, he summoned up the well-learned lines. It was painful, yet his will was drawn onward, no longer just *his* will.

"When yet I had not walked above  
A mile or two from my first Love..."

His first Love! How he had spurned Him and flung Him away for a quickly-garnered bag of silver, for a notoriety that made his fall the more abject. He felt as though a hot iron had skewered his soul, and seared it

with torturing reproach. His other friends would desert him, and disavow him, because they were like *himself*. But *this* Friend...

What paths he had trod since in his flight from Him! How he had catered to the base, and degraded them the more! He groaned aloud, and a man ahead stole a curious glance around, but he paid no attention. Writhing, he drank full the bitter cup of recollection. Yet, out of the depths of his anguish, he was being drawn onward and upward to a secure haven.

And afar off, it beckoned him, and he longed for it, and knew now that it could be his. And there seized him a firm desire to win it anew, even as he had flung it away, and to win alike to his Lover's Feet the souls he might have seduced therefrom.

And he made resolve to commence another life, a life with a purpose, a life whose end would not find his lamp oilless, and others, too, empty, drained by his hand. He was done, he told himself, with "forward-looking" "challenging" works. He would retrace his way most carefully. Henceforth his steps would be backward.

"But I by backward steps would move;  
And when this dust falls to the urn,  
In that state I came, return."

He had forgotten hunger in his reverie. He had forgotten, too, the fact that he was a hunted man. But, as he knelt there, a heavy hand clutched his shoulder, and reality returned, and he gazed around to see two rugged policemen looking at him. And with them was the man who had scanned him so curiously so very long ago.

Dazed and trembling, Wallen rose to his feet and, with sinking heart and sudden emptiness, fumbled his way out of the pew, and went with them from the church. As they left the building, he turned to one of the policemen and said, in a half-whisper, dreading the expected answer,

"What is the charge, officer?"

"Felony assault, partner," replied the patrolman indifferently, not noting how he hung on the answer.

"Then he didn't die?" gasped Wallen in happy amazement, as tears of joy welled in his eyes. "He didn't die" he repeated to himself, softly, half-incredulously cherishing the words.

"Now, he didn't die," rejoined the other, emphatic but bored. "And he won't either. He's tough, and you're lucky... But not so lucky," he added in quick afterthought. "Here's the chariot," he said, pointing to a patrol car.

Wallen was silent for a moment, and then he asked, "Do you suppose they'll let me use my typewriter occasionally, if I should be sent... er... up the river, I believe you term it professionally?"

"I guess so," said one of the officers, staring at him wonderingly.

"And they have a chapel for the... er... inmates, haven't they?" he pursued.

"Sure," answered the puzzled policeman.

"Well, then, whatever the verdict, whatever happens, I'm still lucky, boys, very lucky," Wallen said, and he smiled a little as he got into the waiting car.



# PAGE S from HISTORY by EUGENE SPIESS, O. S. B.

TO MAINTAIN that in Graeco-Roman times, the period of the Consuls and Caesars into which the Apostolic days happen to fall, men and women did not know anything about the *true God*, is not scholarly. Their idols, their statuary, and temples dedicated to false gods, as well as their household gods, adored by families in their homes, give one the impression that nothing was known of the *true God*. Archeologically and historically this is a wrong view to take. The ancient Greeks and Romans were too civilized not to have known, although very indistinctly, that there was a true God whom they placed *over* their idols. Only in our own time do we find governments of nations who claim to be civilized, denying the true God. This phenomenon, a government *officially* denying God as in Russia, cannot be found in ancient Graeco-Roman days of intellectual splendor.

There existed in those days a real cult to the true God, to whom they referred as the "Unknown God," and altars even were built to this "Unknown God," the "Ignoto Deo."

In St. Luke's fascinating Acts of the Apostles, in the very first history ever written of the infant Church of Jesus Christ, you will find in chapter 17, that the writer can bring St. Paul to bear witness to his assertion that there was a cult to the true God in Graeco-Roman days. St. Paul at Athens, speaking to the citizens of that city says most lovingly: "Passing by, and seeing your idols, I found an altar also, on which it was written: 'To the unknown God.'" St. Paul proceeds saying: "What, therefore, you *worship* without knowing it, that I preach to you."

Tourists visiting Rome can still see there among the ruins of the ancient Forum the famous *Puteal Libonis*, a relic and specimen of the cult, also shown

in Imperial Rome, to an unknown deity. The *Puteal Libonis* of which there is question here is very near and close to the magnificent colonades, the remnants of the temple of Castor and Pollux.

If the writer's memory serves him right there is yet to be seen there at this Puteal a ring or square carved into a stone on a street in the Forum indicating that the boys of that age played a game similar to the game of marbles played by boys in our age. Lightning struck these children while at play. There was a practice in ancient Rome that whenever something very extraordinary occurred the event was attributed to an "unknown God." A Puteal was placed wherever lightning struck the earth in the days of ancient Rome.

The Latin word *puteal* signifies, ordinarily, a cover for a well or a hole where caution must be had in passing by. "Puteal supra impositum," "He placed a cover upon it," is a passage found in Cicero. The Latin verb *libo*, "I pour out in sacrifice" gives us the clue why this particular puteal was called *Puteal Libonis*. The spot was sacred to the "unknown God." Caution and veneration was demanded from the passers-by, and sacrifices to the unknown God were here offered.

This unknown God adored at a Puteal was also referred to as a *Genius Romae*; hence the inscription "Genio urbis Romae sive mas sive femina," "To the tutelary deity of the city of Rome, whether he be a man or woman." The sex of the "unknown God" was not known to them. The Romans desired to be careful not to offend this deity and they certainly were.

On the Palatine hill just south of the ancient Roman Forum there is yet to be seen an altar dedicated to the *Genio urbis Romae*. Unless removed

in recent years it still stands in its primitive location. The inscription on it reads:

Sei \* Deo \* sei \* Deivae \* Sac \*  
C. \* Sextius \* C. \* F. \* Calvinus \* Pr. \*  
De \* Senatu \* Sententia \* Restituit \*

The translation of this inscription is—"Sacred to a god or goddess, Cajus Sextius Consul Calvinus restored this altar by order of the Roman senate." We know from ancient Roman history that the Cajus Sextius Calvinus here spoken of, was consul in Rome in the year 630, the year to be computed from the foundation of Rome. He restored the altar in question therefore 100 years before the birth of Christ.

In 1888 Signor Maruchi, a disciple of De Rossi, the famous archeologist, and the writer's instructor in matters archeological, found on the ancient Via Flaminia, to the north of Rome, near the first mile stone, a piece of exquisite marble upon which was written in large and beautiful Roman characters *Numini Deorum*. Now then, besides the title St. Paul saw in Athens *Ignoto Deo*, besides the sacred *Puteal Libonis* and the title *Genio urbis Romae* we have another piece of splendid evidence that there was a cult in the days of ancient Rome sacred to the true God whom the Romans did not know well. "To the God of gods" reads the Inscription Signor Maruchi found.

In a very old Ainsworth's Latin dictionary, printed in 1825, Ainsworth gives a quotation he takes from Virgil, Rome's famous ancient poet. The quotation reads: "Non haec sine numine divum eveniunt," "Such things do not happen without the interposition of the God of gods."

All students of Catholic colleges and minor seminaries in reading the Latin classical authors of ancient Rome have, at some time or other come across such titles as *Numen Imperatorum*. The Caesars were considered by the Romans, and they themselves often considered themselves, to be "gods." The Caesars, therefore, with the Roman people recognized a *supreme being*, a God who was above them, as the title "God of the emperors" amply indicates.

Vague, indeed, was the knowledge human beings had of the true God in the days of the Greek-Roman empire. Sufficiently they knew of Him to erect altars to Almighty God. According to the Greek ancient writer Philostratus in his "Lives of certain men of Athens," it seems to have been a fairly good custom to refer to the true God as the one "to whom it pertains." Hence Philostratus speaks of an altar seen in his time upon which was engraved the words "To Prosekonti Theo," "Dedicated to the God to Whom it pertains."

Kind reader, there are men and women to be found everywhere whose lives are the lives of mere animals. In metropolitan newspapers and magazines they are seen to glory in the fact that they are "monkeys," on the level with dogs and cats. And they even go to great lengths to show that they are "monkeys." Vague and defective as the knowledge of the true God was in the days of ancient Greek-Roman civilization, it must be said of the people living in pagan Roman times, that they at least built altars to the true God, something which twentieth century civilization scarcely does: on the contrary, it is not uncommon today to read of the destruction of altars erected to the true God.

## THE VICTIM'S RESURRECTION

Torn body of Our Lord

Bruised and Broken on the cross,  
Pallid, white from life-blood's loss,  
Pierced body with a sword.

Drooped and bloodless on the wood  
Sin hath hurt Thee all it could,  
Dead body of Our Lord.

Torn marrow of my soul,  
Bruised and broken now by sin,  
Death and hell may soon begin.  
Pierced marrow of my soul,  
Like my Savior on the wood  
Sin hath hurt me all it could,  
Dead marrow of my soul.

Christ risen from the dead,  
Glory glowing in His flesh,  
Vigor deathless there afresh,  
Christ is risen as He said.

Man, risen from thy sin  
Perfect sorrow in thy heart,  
Christian courage now to start  
A risen life with Christ apart,  
On this Easter Day begin.

Walter Sullivan, O. S. B.

## Explanation of the Family Certificate

### The Symbolism of Compline

Our picture presents the Compline thought in subdued coloring and in terms of the parable of the vigilant servant (Lk. 12, 35 ff.). In this night hour we, like the watchful servant with girded loins and burning lamp, welcome the Lord who comes to us in the hour of death. We commend our spirit into His hands, and like Simeon we pray for our dismissal. Beneath

are the lion and the dragon, symbols of the powers of darkness, and the chalice of which in the Garden of Olives Christ prayed that it might pass from Him. Our picture also indicates the angels whose protection we implore and our Lady whom we invoke in the final Antiphon. A sense of peace (*Pax*) pervades the entire scene.

## Echoes from OUR ABBEY HALLS

This month we have a necrology rather than a chronicle. Since the last issue of THE GRAIL a Father and two Brothers have passed away. The Abbey lost these three good Religious in less than a week; two were buried the same morning.

Father Leo reached the advanced age of 87. For months he stubbornly resisted the infirmities of his weakened body. It was a real sacrifice for him to give up the common exercises that he had always so faithfully attended. Failing health forced him to give up offering his daily Mass. Later he was no longer able to walk to the refectory to eat with the Community. For some weeks he was unable to leave his room even in the wheel chair to attend Mass. Extreme weakness made him bedfast for more than a month. The doctor detected evident signs that Father Leo was slowly losing the hard fought battle. Some time ago the entire Community assisted at the solemn administration of the Extreme Unction and Holy Viaticum. After weeks of extreme suffering, patiently endured, Father finally closed his long and edifying life early in the morning of March 7.

Father Leo will long be remembered as a singular example of obedience and regularity. Though attendance at the community exercises meant a sacrifice for his worn body, Father Leo never lagged behind. His slow laborious pace made it necessary for him to start long before the other monks, but he was always there in answer to the call of the bell.

Years ago Father Leo was engaged as professor in the Minor Seminary. His superiors recognized his dependability and entrusted him with important monastic offices. In the Abbey for some years as Novice

Master he trained the young monks in their early monastic life. Later he was appointed Prior of the Abbey. Obedience extended his labors far beyond the Monastery. In St. Leo, Louisiana, for many years Father Leo served as Pastor.

Father Abbot Ignatius celebrated the Pontifical Mass and gave the

Brother's intense sufferings were prolonged until Thursday morning, March 2. The body was brought back to the Abbey for burial. Father Omer Eisenman, former pastor and intimate friend, was celebrant of the funeral Mass. Father Peter conducted the final services at the grave in the Abbey cemetery.

Since January 16th Brother Gallus suffered from the effects of a paralytic stroke. His advanced age of 77 years gave little assurance of a complete recovery. But there had been sufficient improvement to permit him to again attend Mass. Then on Sunday evening, March 5, he suffered a severe heart attack. His weakened physical condition could not withstand the shock. In the evening of March 6, Brother Gallus died a very peaceful death. He and Father Leo were laid to rest the same morning in the Abbey cemetery.

The hour for Mass was advanced on the morning of March 12 to permit

final Absolution afterwards. The burial took place in the Abbey cemetery.

Brother Omer's last illness and death were rather sudden. For several days he had been confined to bed here at the Abbey. The doctor discovered symptoms of intestinal trouble and ordered Brother to the hospital. A more thorough examination revealed the necessity of a serious surgical operation. Saturday evening, February 24, the emergency operation was performed. Until Monday the doctors were hopeful. Tuesday morning the Sisters sent word that Brother's condition had grown alarming and the doctors had given up all hope. Father Abbot left at once for the Infirmary at Louisville to assist at the deathbed.

C. B. S. to carry the chant of our monastic choir to devout listeners throughout the land. Prime was intoned at midnight, followed by Tierce, Conventual Low Mass, Sext, and None. In the middle of None the microphones placed in the chancel picked up the chanting voices and wafted their centuries-old melodies out into the night. The Solemn High Mass followed for our new Holy Father Pius XII and was broadcast up until the Credo. Six priests simultaneously distributed Holy Communion at this Mass to the entire student body. Beautiful encomiums on the rendering of the chant began soon after to pour into the Abbey. To our kind friends and appreciative listeners a hearty "Thank You."



# Brother Meinrad Eugster, O.S.B.

*Peter Behrman, O.S.B.*

Preliminaries in the process for beatification of Brother Meinrad have been begun at Einsiedeln, Switzerland. THE GRAIL hopes to interest a large number of American Catholics in the life and virtues of this saintly laybrother, and to record favors and cures obtained through his intercession. A holy card bearing the picture of Brother Meinrad and a prayer to be said may be had from THE GRAIL. All favors obtained through prayer to Brother Meinrad should be reported to the Reverend Jerome Palmer, O.S.B., St. Meinrad, Indiana.

ON NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1872, Gebhard Eugster, a journeyman tailor of 23, knocked at the door of Einsiedeln Abbey and was registered as an "Aspirant." Herewith the youngest of eleven children of the Eugster family entered the service of the Benedictine Community, though it would be some time ere he could be numbered among its members. For the time he was appointed lay-assistant in the tailoring department and for a short while also acted as porter at the College entrance.

In appearance Gebhard was always neat and clean, in disposition always cheerful and kindly. For two years he still remained his own master, but toward the end of the year 1873 he had the satisfaction of receiving the cassock and girdle of a postulant. This was an occasion of real joy to Gebhard not only because he was now "at home," but also because he had made a definite step forward toward his long desired goal.

After having successfully passed through the six months of postulancy required by Canon Law, Gebhard, on August 29th, 1874, appeared before the Chapter of the Monastery and begged for admittance to the Novitiate. The Instructor of the Brothers closed his report to the Chapter with the following complimentary words: "He understands his trade quite thoroughly



Sihl reservoir behind Einsiedeln Abbey—Photopress, Zurich

## Cure ascribed to Brother Meinrad

A young man writes as follows:

"I had been suffering for fourteen years. Again and again I consulted the doctors, but no one could make out the cause of my sickness. Now, this year, I had such terrible cramps that I could not bear them any longer and was constrained to go to a specialist.

"For four weeks he kept me in his clinic in order to examine me closely. The x-ray he made showed that on my duodenum there were three abscesses. He told me an operation was imperative. He would not make it, however, until a little later, as for the moment it would be too dangerous for me.

"The day was fixed for a second x-ray to be made. In the meantime my relatives prayed instantly to Brother Meinrad for my recovery, and on the morning preceding the second x-ray had a Holy Mass said for me in the shrine of Our Lady of Einsiedeln.

"The picture then showed that the abscesses on my duodenum had completely disappeared. This striking cure I attribute gratefully to the intercession of Brother Meinrad."

and his work has been satisfactory. As for the rest he has proved himself a pious youth; he is prayerful, diligent, obedient, meek, and content." It is not surprising that there was not much objection raised to Gebhard's admission to the Novitiate.

## THE NOVITIATE.

"Religious life was always my thought—to enter a Monastery as a laybrother was always my desire," Gebhard often asserted in later years. With such aspirations it goes without saying that the zealous candidate entered upon his novitiate with joy and a peaceful heart. The novitiate is a year of trial prescribed by know and to practice all the obligations that the rule of St. Benedict in which the novice learns to religious life entails. St. Benedict orders that the admonition of the apostle be carried out: "Prove the spirits to ascertain whether they are from God." The Novice Master must therefore diligently inquire whether or not the novice really seeks God. This seeking after God, this desire to do all for the glory of God, is primarily an internal characteristic of the religious-minded soul, but if it is truly present it will show itself in a Benedictine also extensively in a three-fold manner: viz., zeal for the work of God, i.e., the liturgy, love of obedience, and willingness to work. In Brother Novice Gebhard this three-fold zeal manifested itself in an extraordinary manner. Through the reading and the explanation of the Holy Rule of St. Benedict, which incorporates in itself much of the early Christian spirit, this zeal was further nourished, guided, and increased. The experiences of the Liturgical year quietly but constantly influence the spiritual growth of the monks in a Benedictine monastery. Perhaps this is more true during the Novitiate, where everything is new, where everything centers on the spiritual, and where every other occupation is as much as possible avoided.

Pampered souls who enter the Novitiate half-heartedly, still partly attached to the world, and much attached to themselves, often encounter difficulties in this year of trial. Determined souls, however, who have definitely broken with the world and have come to seek only



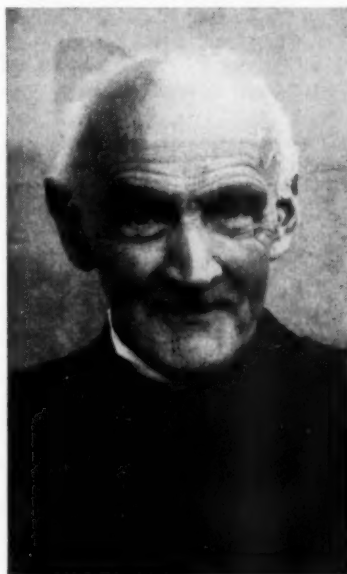
God generally find in the Novitiate much joy, peace, and spiritual consolation. Brother Novice Gebhard belonged to the latter class. He encountered few difficulties. He was always satisfied with everything and everybody, and as time went on he realized clearly that he was where God wanted him.

Nevertheless, since the Novitiate is essentially a year of probation the novice is carefully observed by the Novice Master. And whatever falls under the observing eye of this Master during the course of the year of probation he reports to the Chapter members at the end of the Novitiate. At the end of the Novitiate of Gebhard Eugster, when the time came for making his report, the Novice Master could not find anything blameworthy in him. He remarked that Gebhard had been exemplary in all things. Especially did he commend him for his piety, obedience, dutifulness, and readiness to do favors, and that toward everyone with whom he had come in contact he had shown a modest and friendly disposition. His work also had always been very satisfactory. The Chanter therefore gladly permitted the Novice to pronounce his vows.

The fifth of September was the day set for the profession of Novice Gebhard. A retreat of eight days preceded the memorable day. When this came to a close on the day preceding the profession, permission, as is customary at Einsiedeln, was granted to our Novice to spend some time with his brother, the Reverend James Eugster and with his sister, Mary Anne, who had come for the occasion. Novice Gebhard's heart, however, was so filled with the holiness and the sublimity of his consecration to God on the morrow that he had but very little to say and soon excused himself. Being of kindred spirit his visitors understood his action and did not take it amiss.

The essential part of religious profession consists in the reading of the formula of profession, which the novice has written with his own hand. After the *Credo* of the Mass, therefore, on the 5th day of September, Novice Gebhard was led to the Gospel side of the Altar, where he read the act of his consecration to God as follows: "I, Brother Meinrad Eugster of Altstaetten, in honor of Our Lord Jesus Christ, of the ever Blessed Virgin Mary, of the Holy Father St. Benedict, and of all the saints, vow, promise, and profess stability, conversion of my morals, poverty, chastity, and obedience according to the Rule of the Holy Father St. Benedict, in the presence of God and His saints, in this venerable house of God, Einsiedeln, in the year of Our Lord Jesus Christ, 1875, on the fifth day of the month of September."

The new Brother then carried the formula up the altar steps, kissed it, and handed it to his Abbot, who placed it on the altar. Gathered in a semi-circle around the altar were the members of the monastic family into which Gebhard Eugster was now officially being incorporated. Loving eyes were riveted on him in thoughtful interest. Some of the monks, no doubt, were carried back in memory to the happy day of their own profession; others perhaps marvelled at the beauty of the



Brother Meinrad Eugster, O.S.B.

soul before them. For if Our Blessed Lord could say to a Mary Magdalen: "Much is forgiven her because she has loved much," how clean and pleasing in the sight of God and His angels must not the soul of this newly professed religious have been, who out of pure love had made a complete oblation of himself to God? The new name also created special interest, for to have "Meinrad" for a name and St. Meinrad for a patron was at Einsiedeln considered a sign of predilection.

Brother Meinrad had a taste of heaven that day, the memory of which never left. So impressed was he that whenever he attended the religious profession of his confreres he shed tears of devotion.

(To be continued)

## AMNESTY

Ambassador of Christ,  
To you I come in shame,  
My sins must I confess,  
Their guilt must I now  
claim.  
Myself do I accuse,  
Alone is mine the blame.

Ambassador of Christ,  
Contrite I come to you.  
Tho I have sinned again,  
Grant amnesty anew,  
The guilt and shame are  
mine,  
I'm sorry, sorry too.

Ambassador of Christ,  
What penance can I do?  
God's pardon do I beg,  
His blessing ask of you.

Paschal Boland, O.S.B.

# THE DEATH OF A POPE

Stanislaus Maudlin, O.S.B.

BEING a student in Rome doesn't argue, as you might think, that one has all the "scoops" on the daily affairs in the Vatican. Books and class-notes are the concern of almost everyone as long as there are no public festivals or demonstrations. If one is fortunate enough to have been in Rome for one of these, he has seen something that he will not easily forget.

At the time of the death of the Holy Father, Pius XI, we were doing our daily round of studies as usual with no suspicion of the approaching end. For three days the Holy Father had been in bed holding no audiences and preparing everything for the "Interregnum." Our Holy Father was preparing for his death and the election of his successor, while we were making plans for such an audience as he usually held on Wednesday and Saturday, during which he talked especially to the hundred or so newly-wedded couples who came for his blessing.

Our first suspicion of something amiss came in the gray dawn of February 10, when there should have been an eager expectancy for the celebration of the coming two days, the Anniversary of the Lateral Pact. Instead, the students in stray two's and three's asked each other, "Is it true?" In every language found in Rome was asked anxiously that morning, "Is it true?"

You could not say that we did not expect it, but we could scarcely believe that our Holy Father, who had for so long been the inspiration and guide of the world, should at last be silenced by death. It was a good meditation on the mortality of man. Even then we were not ready to believe, until, as the city began to wake we heard the newsboys shout, "E mortuo il Papa," "Pio XI e mortuo." Second edition, third, and fifth, "Il Papa e mortuo."

With the approach of noon and the spreading of the sad news the flags of the whole city came out on every building, ran up, and then came down to half-mast. You can imagine that we felt a little thrill of pride at all this. After all the Holy Father is ours. He is the one who speaks for us, and in his quiet way he could give the modern World-Conquerors more to think about than the favorites in the Armament race. He had the answer for the world's troubles, and the disconcerting thing for some is that soon there will be another like him to tell them that they are wrong. The papers sold as fast as they could

be printed, and we took special notice that there was needed no order for the "Romani" to show their grief at the death of their greatest hero.

As soon as possible one of our Professors, a native of Switzerland and one therefore capable of handling the Swiss guards, left to see how far he might enter into the apartments of the Holy Father and to learn as much as he could of the plans for the visits of the people. By noon he had returned beaming with his good fortune and the news he had to tell us.

Answering no questions, the safest passport, he passed everyone until at last he arrived upon the third floor in the wing where the Holy Father had his rooms. Even there he found no one to stop him till he came to the very door of the chamber where the Holy Father in the most simple surroundings with a group of his friends and counselors breathed his last in a prayer for peace.

Arrived at this point, however, Father found his way hopelessly blocked. The few persons who had so far been permitted to approach the bedside of the Holy Father were coming out, making way for the physicians who were to prepare the body for lying in state in the Sistine Chapel.

The procession from the apartments to the chapel was to begin at four o'clock and Father assured us that we were all allowed to go, if we could manage as he had to pass the guards. That last bit of condition we knew to be fatal, but as early as possible we all left to take the opportunity, at least, of going with the crowds afterwards to file past the bier as it stood in the chapel.

Fortunately the clerics all grouped together as each college came, and at last by dint of words and a little patience we won our way up as far as the bronze doors, the next to enter the chapel.

There the Swiss guard got quite impatient in his efforts to make way for the many Bishops who wanted to go through. As each one passed, the crowd became more dense as those in the rear surged in the space made for him. In the front line, however, were the more sturdy Americans and the little Italian Sisters.

Here on the wide staircase that passes the equestrian statue of Charlemagne up into the rooms of audience and the Sistine Chapel there was yet quite a noise. It seemed that we had been side-

tracked. People in large numbers were coming down towards us, but we never saw anyone enter and some were ready to go home.

Suddenly a little man came up behind us, "Here to the right. You can go in now." Silence came over everyone as we mounted a few stairs to a room leading into the chapel. Here was the object of our visit, and all else was forgotten except taking away a memory of the one who had been our leader. Everyone crowded close to give to a good Monsignor standing there our rosaries, crosses, and medals to touch to the body of the Holy Father. The Monsignor did not like to refuse, but the ushers, finding that he was slowing up the many who came, asked him to stop.

Whether this made us go faster I do not know, but we could observe better what was around us. As Bishops and Priests came in to kneel for a moment with a fervent prayer for the dead Pontiff the clerics and lay persons continued to circle the guard of honor and to recite their rosaries taking perhaps a last look at Pius XI in his court.

In the center of this chapel painted by the great Michelangelo, with so much labor, as he himself writes, with the wondrous fresco of the last judgment in the background, lay on a high couch draped in purple the body of the Pontiff. He was clothed as yet all in white except for a purple cope and skull-cap both trimmed in ermine. Thus he had been brought from his apartments, and it was not until later that the Bishop's Pontifical robes in which he was to be buried were put on him.

At the foot of the couch two Monsignors in their bright robes kept watch, while at the head stood motionless as statues two of the *Guardia Nobile* with drawn swords. Around all these a loose circle of the members of the ancient orders of knights and of the Palatine Guard kept the crowd moving as much as possible. The only artificial light in the huge chapel where most of the Popes since Sixtus IV have been elected were six large candles at each side of the couch. In their uncertain light the gold, red, and purple of the vestments and uniforms took one for a moment out of this modern world to the one of pageantry of past ages.

It was fortunate for us that we had come at our first opportunity. The next day so many delegates, noblemen, and ambassadors came to pay their homage to Pius XI that very few of the ordinary people were

permitted to enter. We satisfied ourselves with buying all the newspapers that we could find and sending those with the best pictures to our homes and friends.

The ritual at the death of a Pope is quite exacting. As a tradition left over from the science of medicine of the Middle Ages we had heard of the custom of striking the dead Pope on the forehead with a silver mallet as the last test of the truth of death. Though the Italian papers carried "drawings" of this incident we all know that it was no longer part of the ceremonies.

As part, however, of the formal announcements to the world of the death of the Pope, the Camerlengo, the official who rules Vatican City during *Sede Vacante*, raises the veil from the Pope's face and calls him by his baptismal name. Receiving no response he publishes to the world, "The Pope is dead."

The Fisherman's Ring is then taken from the finger of the Holy Father and broken. This done they all go to the place where the large seal of the late Pope is kept and take it from its setting and break it also.

Moreover, during the time of *Sede Vacante* new stamps are printed and new money coined, though the others made before are not made worthless.

On Saturday at four o'clock preparations were made to transport the body of the Holy Father down into St. Peter's. The crowds had become too great for the space in the Sistine Chapel, and Sunday would see thousands more trying to make at least one visit.

Since his death the Holy Father had been attended constantly by his Ecclesiastical and Military court, and for the solemn procession into St. Peter's these were joined by the choir of the Cappella Giulia, the Palatine Guards, diplomats from the Vatican and from the Italian state, and scores of Bishops and Prelates.

The body was taken first of all to the High Altar and then to the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament where behind the huge doors of ironwork the body would remain until time for burial. Here the Holy Father was clothed in his Episcopal robes and the guard around him increased. At his side four of the *Guardia Mobile* in their uniforms of white trousers and red coats and silver helmets kept watch day and night. In the background barely touched by the candle light a wall of Swiss guards with halberd and flaming sword completed the square, around which the students of the various national colleges came for their turn at the side of the Holy Father.

On Sunday the crowds that thronged St. Peter's Square and held up traffic for squares around were

unmanageable. Troops of policemen were called from all over the city, but time after time the barriers were broken and only the closed iron gates of St. Peter's could stop them. It is estimated that 500,000 persons in a thin file passed that day the doors of the Blessed Sacrament Chapel for a fleet glimpse of the Holy Father, the Bishop of Rome.

The next day by forcing the line through the pillars built by Bernini and forming the Piazza of St. Peter's it was not difficult to keep good order.

On Tuesday, Feb. 14, the doors were closed to visitors at 12 o'clock on account of the burial at 4:00 in the afternoon at which only a few persons outside of the Cardinals and Vatican court were permitted. A few tickets had been given out to the various colleges of Ecclesiastical students so that several of us were permitted to attend.

As soon as the whole college of Cardinals had been assembled in the apse around the chair of Peter the corpse was placed among them near to the High Altar. At the side were prepared three coffins into which the body was to be buried.

The first of these coffins was of cypress upon the cover of which was a plain cross. The *Miserere* and the other psalms finished, the body was placed into the first coffin whereupon one of the Monsignors read the eulogy of the life and work of the Holy Father.

Before the coffin was sealed and placed into the second this eulogy together with coins and medals made during the reign of Pius XI were placed at his feet. The second coffin was one of lead bearing on its cover the coat of arms of the Pontiff. This second was then placed into the third one of elm wood which was firmly sealed and then lifted upon the scaffold which was to let it down into the crypt.

Several days before, the papers had carried notices that Pius XI would be buried in the Church San Carlo where he had said his first Mass. In that case he would have been placed for a while in a vault built into the wall near the baptistry. He was, however, to have his last resting place next to Pius X in the crypt.

When the coffin had been raised above the "confessio" or tomb of St. Peter it was let down slowly between the ever burning lamps from where it was taken to the place prepared for it. Thus passed with all the Ecclesiastical and Military honors and homage the Pope who may be called some day Pius the Great as on the words of Cardinal Hinsley, since Hildebrand (Gregory VII) there has been no greater.

The next day, the daily Requiem Masses continuing at the Altar of the Chair of St. Peter, the people were permitted to enter the crypt to pray at the tomb of Pius XI. Just as they had done at the death of their beloved Pius X, so now they heaped their flowers upon the tomb, touched their rosaries to it and knelt to say a little prayer. Masses were celebrated down there almost constantly till noon, when the workmen entered to finish the work on the tomb, one as simple as those of Pius X and of Cardinal del Val which stand near.

Until Friday every day at 9:00 the Monsignors of St. Peter's held solemn Requiems for the Holy Father. On Saturday, however, and Sunday and Monday (Feb. 18, 19, 20) all the Cardinals with all the Bishops present in Rome, the Abbots and Supervisors of the Orders, held the three Solemn Requiems which they are obliged to have for each deceased Pope.

One of the Cardinals celebrated the Mass, and for the absolution four others came as assistants to incense and bless the gorgeous catafalque draped in purple and gold, surrounded by a hundred candles and surmounted by the tiara.

Of these Masses that of Monday was of the greatest interest for us. Cardinal Schuster of Milan, one of the two Benedictine Cardinals, celebrated the Mass, and Cardinals Dougherty, Mundelein, and Pacelli were among those for the Absolution.

Now during the *Sede Vacante* with so many preparations for the coming conclave for the election of the new Pope we cannot help thinking of the many events during the reign of the last. The colleges of Rome must be especially grateful to him. Many of them he built or remodeled and upon them conferred the authority of giving degrees in every branch of Ecclesiastical studies. Of these especially two are important, the College of the Propagation of the Faith and the Gregorian.

The Vatican itself the Holy Father made quite an efficient little city. Before he came there were no automobiles in the Citta del Vaticano. Now one can scarcely go through the streets without meeting one of the many autos bearing the license of SCV.

During his reign he installed a complete telephone system, a telegraph office and then with the great Marconi the radio broadcasting station. It is over this system that he spoke so often to the whole world in his kind fatherly voice, it is over this that his successor will be introduced. May God grant that he combine the wonderful gifts of our past dear Father, Pius XI.

# A FATHER SPEAKS

J. Littleton Baker

ONCE upon a time I was a boy.  
Now I have boys of my own.

We are friends, they and I;  
but there is a gap of years between us, and often I am afraid that, in my dealings with these boys, I lead them to think I have forgotten the time when I was a boy myself and the way a boy feels about certain things. I am careful at times not to let them see how much sympathy I have with the things they are doing and should not be doing. The problem of how to deal with them is often a hard one for me; but, I can not help feeling that it would be harder still should I completely forget my own boyhood and, eventually, lose the boy's point of view.

Perhaps if I had not all these boys about me I should more easily forget, should think less often than I do about the different world in which boys live, feel less strongly than I do about the rights of the boys in the world, in which all of us, old and young, must live together.

When I was a boy I used to be rather in awe of men, particularly of men who seemed to me to have done some especially notable things. In fact I could scarcely think of some of these men as being made of the same common clay as myself; I couldn't imagine myself meeting them except with a reverent air and a deeper reverence of soul. As a man, I have not much awe or reverence left for most of my fellowmen. Meeting a man, I am very likely to think of him as a measurable quantity, as a creature with quite definite limitations. I measure the man and classify him, label him, and tuck him away in my thought as a considered fact. Most people, consciously or unconsciously, do the same. But I do not, I can not, so measure and classify and label a boy. With them I deal circumspectly and on them I pass few judgments. For the boy is one of the imponderables; he is not to be pigeonholed; he is potentiality

A light in the "poet's" room after his usual hour of retiring aroused a father's suspicion. Could Johnny be studying? Or writing to the girl friend? An investigation revealed the following bit of verse, homely but sincere.

## A Place for the Boys

What can a boy do and where can a boy stay?  
If he is always told to get out of the way.  
He cannot sit *here* and he cannot stand *there*.  
The cushions that cover that fine rocking chair  
Were put there, of course, to be seen and admired.  
A boy has no business to ever be tired.  
And the beautiful roses and flowers that bloom  
On the floor of the darkened and delicate room  
Are not made to be walked on, at least not by boys.  
The house is no place anyway for their noise.  
Yet boys must walk somewhere, and what if their feet  
Sent out of our houses, sent onto the street,  
Should step round the corner and pause at the door  
Where other boys' feet have paused often before;  
Should pass through the gateway of glittering light  
Where jokes that are merry and songs that are bright  
Ring out a warm welcome with flattering voice?  
And too temptingly say, "Here's a place for the boys."  
Ah! What if they should? What if your mother or mine  
Should let her boy cross the threshold which marks out the line  
Twixt virtue and vice, twixt pureness and sin  
And leave all his innocent boyhood within.  
Oh, what if they should because you and I,  
While the days and the months and the years hurry by,  
Are too busy with cares and life's fleeting joys  
To make round our hearthstone a place for the boys?  
There's a place for the boys; they will find it somewhere.  
And if our homes are too daintily fair  
For the touch of their fingers, the tread of their feet,  
They'll find it, and find it, alas, in the street  
'Mid the gildings of sin and the glitter of vice.  
And with heartaches and longings we pay the dear price  
For the getting of gain that our lifetime employs,  
If we fail to provide a place for the boys.

John Coakley

—the yet unknown thing that is to be.

The man of fifty can be predicted, usually with much accuracy. But who can tell what manner of man is hidden in the rowdy rascal of ten, what future of accomplishment, of power or of personality waits wrapped up in the gawky youth of fifteen?

All my adult life I have wondered what the neighbors really thought of George Washington when he was a boy, or of Abraham Lincoln. Probably just about what you think today of your prosperous neighbor's

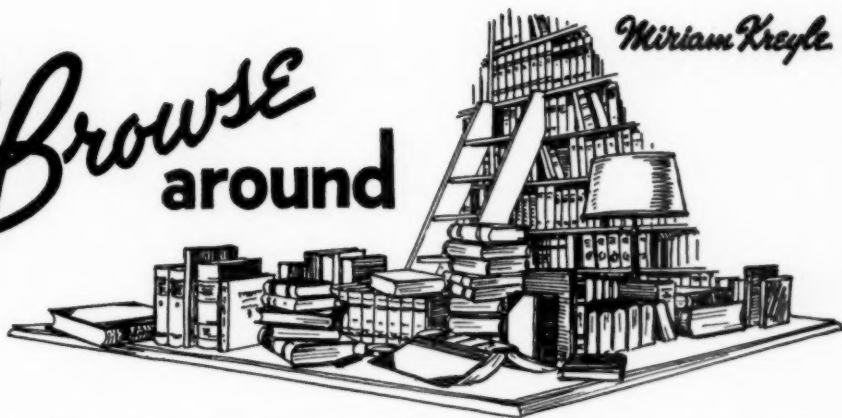
boy. I have often wondered if the neighbors of Robert Burns saw anything essentially different in him than in any other hardheaded Scotch lad?

Take any boy, and what do we know of him, of things he may do, of the man he may become? Statesman, poet, prophet? How can we tell that he is not to be one of these—one of the men whom to know would be glory? Every child is an asset to be valued, also a sacred charge to be guarded and cherished lest evil follow the unforgivable crime of neglecting him.



# Let's Browse around

Miriam Kreple



**S**UCCESS sheds a golden aura, and all the world looks with reverence to those who have walked beneath its glow. Writers expend their finest tributes upon those saints and religious heroes and heroines who have left monuments of their success. But what of those who labored no less hard and met with apparent failure? Ida Goerres Coudenhove has chosen to revive the memory of such a person, "one of the most extraordinary women of the seventeenth century, perhaps of the whole history of Religious Orders," and to retell in an historical romance the strange and tragic life of *Mary Ward*.

It is good for the soul, the reading of this book, following the patient but indomitable will of this young English girl who met opposition from those she loved best from girlhood to old age. And still when dying Mary Ward turned with smiles to her weeping companions, once nuns, but now homeless, and said, "Come let us sing and praise God joyfully for all His infinite loving kindness. *Te Deum laudamus*." Only a soul tried in the fires of persecution could have responded so joyously to a Will that permitted a lifetime of sacrifice and effort, suffering and accomplishment to be swept away by one stroke of the pen. But Mary belonged to the penal days when fear hung constantly over a Catholic home. From fear was born courage, a courage that spurned a marriage in which "was centered the hope of Catholic England, and the dearest long-cherished wish of her father," that took her to a French convent

where she still found no inner peace. It was this same quality of courage that sent her back home and again brought her to St. Omer, with her little band of English companions to open a new type of school so needed by her exiled countrymen. The work spread rapidly, new houses were opened abroad, but powerful forces, representative of the old order of things, worked against her, Mary made mistakes but never faltered. Time and again she threw herself on her knees before the Holy Father and pleaded her cause. But her enemies were strong, a Decree of Suppression closed her houses and left her and her spiritual daughters penniless and homeless, defeated. But for those who truly love and serve there can be no defeat. Mary Ward's story is an incentive to every person laboring amid the countless difficulties of a lay or religious apostolate.

**A**MONG the most popular Catholic books of last year was Katherine Burton's story of Mother Alphonsus Hawthorne, *Sorrow Built a Bridge*. This year Miss Burton takes us back again to the well-known New England haunts. She has interviewed many persons, gone through reams of correspondence, old journals and memoirs, studied numerous biographies and lectures and produced an unusual picture of a much criticized social experiment of the forties—Brook Farm. The book is entitled *Paradise Planters*.

Brook Farm was an after result of Transcendentalism. The men and women who lived there were motivated by an earnest desire to find the truth and by a happy balance of

work, study and play to improve the social and economic structure of this country. Most of them had wandered from the orthodox beliefs and were sincerely seeking a way of life that would prove Utopian. To their Boston neighbors and in fact to most of their old friends they were considered foolish and fanatic. Miss Burton has shown them as they really were, men and women of rare culture and deep thought, Christian in ideals if unwilling to follow closely Christ's teachings. That they were willing to work and sacrifice for their ideal is proven and they did meet with a certain success, but when the teachings of the French socialist Fourier were introduced the dissolution began.

A distinguished group of old and loved characters move amid the activities of Brook Farm. Here is George Ripley, the head of the experiment, Horace Greeley the great abolitionist, Albert Brisbane, the famous orator Channing, Emerson, Thoreau, John Dwight, and our beloved Nathaniel Hawthorne. Here too we meet and follow the struggles that led Orestes Brownson into the Church, Sophia Ripley to spend her final years laboring with the Good Shepherd nuns, and Isaac Hecker to found the great Paulist Order. Miss Burton has unwound her findings into a book that is informative, sprightly and interesting to all students of American literature.

**E**CONOMIC pressure and the difficulty of securing jobs, the failure of so many marriages, the seething, boiling hatreds of the day that have spread from individuals

into the council chambers of government has caused men and women, even our boys and girls, to look about them and ask what is wrong? Perhaps it is "me." Is there anything I can do about all this? As a result of this questioning attitude many helpful books have appeared and clever students of psychology have made a nice little fortune with their best sellers. Few of these books are built on a Christian foundation. *Self Improvement* has this foundation and offers one answer to all who wish to better their condition in life, to increase their happiness: "Know thyself." Dr. Rudolf Allers of the Catholic University of America is the author. He really tells us nothing new but he does throw light on old facts and make them stand out with fixed values. He helps the individual to analyze his own acts and feelings and directs him in the simplest way to correct his faults and in so doing to meet more generously and advantageously the faults of those about him. The book is not so interestingly written as many of the popular ones of a similar type; in fact a few chapters are almost tedious and require careful rereading, but even without these difficult parts it is most helpful. When all goes wrong, when you find yourself disagreeing with others and at odds with the world, stop and think things over. It may be you. Then take out your copy of *Self Improvement* and you'll find the solution if you are truly sincere, humble and receptive.

WHEN the whole world bows with sorrow over the death of a great religious leader and listens with expectancy and joy for the name of his successor, there must be a renewed interest in the religion of such a leader. There is a new and vital interest growing in the Faith by those outside. The employer is asking his stenographer questions about religion, the shop girl asks her companions, the young man argues religion with his co-worker. Today there is a growing awareness of the need and value of Faith. More and more we have need to be informed and well-informed in the doctrines and explanations of our Holy Religion. Publishers are to be com-

plimented in making apologetic books available to all. Recently Sheed and Ward brought out some of their most helpful and instructive books in paper bindings at fifty cents each. Benziger Brothers have an excellent new series on Catholic Knowledge, with attractive paper backs at the same price. The first of this series is *My Faith* by Hilaire Duesberg, O.S.B. It pictures the Church as a miracle of balance and moderation, as a sower of the seed of infinite grace in the soul of the least. *The Art of Living With God* shows the importance of the Sacraments and the grace they impart to the human soul. This book is very easy to read as told in the simple style of the Most Reverend Joseph Busch, Bishop of St. Cloud. The last of the series, *To Whom Shall We Go?* by Rev. Frederick MacDonnell, S.J., is a clear explanation of the age-old lessons of the Catechism which escape many of us but are puzzling and difficult to the convert or enquiring non-Catholic. These books make an inexpensive gift-package for the seeker after truth and to the lax Catholic.

TO CATHOLICS and indeed to most Christians everywhere the hours from twelve to three on Good Friday afternoon are the most sacred and the most appealing in all the year. Devout persons seek to make these hours tributes of love and reparation, when not one moment will be lost in idle thought. Rev. Eugene J. Crawford has prepared a beautiful booklet for this purpose called *The Three Hours Agony*. Written especially for Sisters it will be useful to priests who are preparing the Three Hours for nuns; for Communities who are deprived of the services of a priest; for Sisters and the faithful who are confined to their cells or homes because of illness, and for all who have a deep devotion to the Passion of Our Lord.

MARY'S position given her by true theology is entirely too little known, a fact which greatly retards the veneration of the Mother of God, so writes Father Faber. Here are two little books, both brief and very easy to read that will do much to break down the prejudice of Prot-

estants against veneration of Mary and will increase her devotion in the hearts of her own children within the Church. *The Cult of Our Lady* is by the eminent English writer and lecturer, Doctor W. E. Orchard. The author shows how "scripturally justified, theologically correct and religiously fruitful" is the Catholic cult of the Mother of God. *Our Blessed Mother* by Rev. P. M. Endler is a personal message to all to enter the secret garden enclosed and there in fervent and intense consecration to Mary to find the meaning of the Third Word from the cross, "Behold Thy Mother." If you would defend devotion to Mary and cultivate it deep within your own heart read and meditate on these two books.

THE Rev. Francis C. Young, internationally known poet-priest is the author of the revised edition of a 48 page booklet, "My Stations of the Cross."

Composed by Father Young with the objective of promoting congregational and daily private devotions to the Stations, each Meditation is briefly covered in simple verse. Each Station is reproduced in black and white photographs of sufficiently large dimensions so as to enable one to derive the fullest significance of the sufferings of Christ. The type faces are extremely legible, and are designed to enable one to easily read them in the most dimly lighted church. In addition, to the Stations and Meditations, "My Stations of the Cross" contains the Latin and English versions of the Stabat Mater, O Salutaris Hostia, Tantum Ergo; and the Divine Praises.

#### April Book Shelf

*Mary Ward* by Ida Goerres Coudenhove, Longmans Green, Price \$1.60

*Paradise Planters* by Katherine Burton, Longmans Green, Price \$2.50

*Self Improvement* by Rudolf Allers, M.D., Benziger Brothers, Price \$2.50

*The Three Hours Agony* by Rev. Eugene J. Crawford, Benziger Brothers, Price \$1.75

*The Cult of Our Lady* by Dr. W. E. Orchard, Longmans Green, Price \$1.00

*Our Blessed Mother* by Rev. P. M. Endler, Pustet Co., Price 50 cents

*My Stations of the Cross* by Rev. Francis C. Young, John Maher Printing Co., Chicago. Price 10¢

# You Have Seen Their Faces

Henry J. Ameling

THE BOOK, *You Have Seen Their Faces*, has succeeded through the photographs of Margaret Bourke White and the graphic captions from Jack Caldwell, in painting a very sordid picture of the South. True, such conditions as pictured do exist, but they are not representative of the whole South. To a visitor of the South, the general impression is one of little difference to the farms of the Midwest, except for the type of crops and living quarters due to climate. Before the South, however, there is a big question I shall try to answer.

The usual standard of any country or region is its wealth. There are five principal types of wealth considered in the science of Economics: natural wealth, technological wealth, capital wealth, human wealth, and institutional wealth. The South is rich in natural wealth, large natural resources, and human wealth, an abundance of human population. The question thus reduced is the education of the people to develop the resources. That is the big question.

The question will be answered to some extent by considering three problems. These problems in turn are: The bi-racial situation; the agricultural development and conservation; economic development and labor relations. The solution of these problems is difficult and as such needs the cooperation of the nation.

The bi-racial situation can be readily cleared up by treating the negro as an equal. True it is that his habits of living and his homes are sometimes repugnant to our standard but it is not his choice. If his equality is admitted and recognized, his standard will rise as a result of education and increased purchasing power. This solution can be well advanced by Catholics through example. After all, Christ said, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," and He added "everyone without exception is our neighbor."

In the problem of agricultural development and conservation our main point will be the cotton economy. Cotton economy usually means the predominance of this cash crop over all other crops. The South is one of the major cotton growing sec-

tions of the world but not to its benefit. It sells its cotton in an unprotected world market and buys its needs in a protected market. That is, the South sells its product to a foreign market, subject to sharp fluctuations and buys its manufactured goods from a market, protected by tariff and custom duty. This cotton economy not only harms the soil through one crop planting but likewise drains the South of its man power and develops a farm tenancy system through the unequal exchange.

As a solution for its problem, Southerners have advanced the theory of a government subsidy to compensate the South in its competition with foreign markets. If the government grants this subsidy it will entrench cotton economy that much deeper, but nevertheless it would ameliorate the situation to some extent. It is argued, however, that it would be better for the South if the subsidy would be refused, since it would then induce the South to turn to other occupations and crops. And turning to other occupations and crops is advocated as the solution of its ills. The South is not afflicted with any dust bowl nor floods since the Mississippi has been harnessed by the army engineers. Thus it could supply the needs of the nation to a great extent in rice, tomatoes, wheat, and corn. It could pasture cattle for eight months of the year.

In connection with dairy products the South is unable at present to expand in this line. This provision in the A. A. A. prohibits the farmer from using the diverted acre, which is under the crop control program, to improve his cattle for dairy use except for his own personal use under the penalty of the forfeiture of A. A. A. check. Removal of this provision will influence meat prices and dairy prices. Another method of solving cotton economy is through industrial development which is treated below.

The economic development problem is almost identified with the industrial problem. The South has large natural resources and great human wealth. These two factors are the necessary ones for industrial expansion. But in the South this expansion is somewhat hampered. One of the hindrances is freight rate discrimination which

## EM- BALMED ALIVE

Beloved Saints of God!  
What flesh-preserving fluid keeps  
Your body incorrupt, that must  
By God's decree return to dust,  
As, buried deep, it sleeps  
Beneath the molding sod?

Have I your true embalming fluid found  
That keeps your lifeless body sound  
Beneath the ground?  
In life unto your craving body you would give  
Scarce food and drink enough to live,  
And fasts of all corrupting humors drained it dry.

Yet I,  
If I but miss a meatless, Lenten meal,  
Grow faint and feel  
That I must die.

P. K.

varies from 30 to 75 per cent with northern rates. Yet the South has to pay the same for machinery and taxes. The importance of this can readily be seen in drawing northern manufacturers to Southern territory. Labor organization is the other hindrance. The South, anxious to draw manufacturers within its boundaries, promises union free labor as the Goodyear Rubber Plant case. Exploitation readily follows in some instances and its undesirable consequence of a low purchasing power. The South to develop industrially and economically must not only be on a par with the rest of the nation but likewise accept modern labor devices and burdens to reap the benefits. Another hindrance is that the majority of manufacturing plants are already situated in the North. To change sites to a new location would be profitable only if nearer to the market or source of raw materials. The South is close to resources and has a potential market. Hence she must entice northern capitalists.

These problems are not incurable as is readily seen. The statement of the problems and their remedies, however, are not sufficient; neither are the discussed solutions recommended as panaceas.

The South is of concern to the whole nation just as an ailing member is to the body. Hence it is a national problem. It will require time. At the present time, though, as Mr. Odum of the University of North Carolina states, "...the supreme need is to widen the range of vocational opportunity in the South—eliminate differentials by training the young people so they can work in competition with anybody. The next task is to develop the region so that there will be the same standard of wages, living, housing, and so forth that any normal region such as the South promises to be—would obtain.\*

Thus we see that underneath all, the racial problem, the cotton economy problem, and the industrial problem, lies the fundamental question of educating the people how to gain the most advantages of its natural resources. Walter Lippman has said that the South could do anything anybody else could do but the *South must do it*. With the cooperation of all, *You Have Seen Their Faces* will become only a collection of museum wax models.

\* A Radio Discussion of 'Problems of the South.' N. B. C. Network, September 4, 1938.

*For Junior Knights*

## NO OTHER WAY

*Thomas Schaefer, O.S.B.*

WE GET OUT OF A THING WHAT WE PUT INTO IT. This is not only good logic; it is plain horse sense. Nothing in this world is ever achieved without hard work. There is no short cut to success; no easy road to greatness.

Occasionally you will pick up an advertisement to this effect: "Learn to play the piano in twenty easy lessons." Don't be a sucker and swallow this nonsense. No pianist of any merit ever learned to play his instrument in twenty "easy" lessons, say rather, a thousand and ten thousand hours of hard work.

How about the genius? Hasn't he found the short road to achievement? Here is Edison's definition of genius: "Ninety-nine percent perspiration (labor) and one percent inspiration (genius)." Paderewski, the great Polish pianist, is an artist, a genius, a vir-

tuoso, a master of the piano. Yet on the occasion of his first American tour many years ago, he left the concert hall late at night and then practiced in a warehouse until five in the morning. He got out of his art what he put into it.

Lincoln became a great man precisely because he knew how to work and to work hard. The same holds good for any man who wants to get to the top. No loafer ever became a great man.

Athletes train and training is work. Football, baseball, and basketball teams must practice hard to win championships. If you want to develop your body, work hard physically. If you want to train your mind, study hard, labor, plug. And if you want to be holy, pray hard. Simply remember this principle: WE GET OUT OF A THING WHAT WE PUT INTO IT.

*Guilty!*

Today

I'm hailed before my conscience' court,  
Accused of this foul crime—

"Of God's forbearance he made sport"—  
Condemned—for killing time.

*Placidus S. Kempf, O.S.B.*



